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MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NOTEBOOKS.

There are many classes of men with whose inner life the public has no concern. The actor whom we admire, the lawyer who does our business, the stockbroker who invests our savings, each may be saint or worldling, and it is nothing to us. But the priest, the preacher, the poet, the nobler sort of artist, are in an altogether different position. We are not unjust enough to forget that the sermon that impressed us, the poem or picture that moved us, is the record of a "best and happiest moment," as Shelley said, and that the sea of the spirit has its tides, like the other, and cannot always stay at high water. But we still inevitably feel that the man who takes upon himself to be a teacher or inspirer of his generation in these highest ways has given us hostages which only his own character can redeem. *Ut servetur veritas prædicandi, teneatur necesse est altitudo vivendi.* We cannot but demand that with all inequalities of mood and moment, a man's life should be a whole, not an assemblage of unreconciled and discordant parts. In life, as in art, it must be the circumstances in which the character is placed, not the character itself, that present the irreconcilable opposition. The character must have an inner and essential unity, which no outward and occasion-

al diversity can obliterate. And so, in the case of a poet who has stirred the heart and soul of his generation, the stream of his public utterances may move on its way in the sight of all men, filling the plain, making straight for the goal; the secret current of his inner life may be small and weak, blocked by obstacle after obstacle, turned again and again out of its course; yet we feel that we have a right to expect that, however feeble and obscure and devious, it should be at least moving in the same direction, and seeking the same goal as the other.

It is something of this inner revelation that these Notebooks give us in the case of Matthew Arnold. He who was all his life preaching to others is here shown preaching to himself. And certainly if he made no slight or easy demands on the intellect and the character of his readers, he is yet higher and sterner in his demands upon himself.

He whom his critics called a "bellettristic trifler," and who smilingly accepted the description, is seen here as he really was underneath, in the nakedness of his soul. We cannot but be reminded of his own sonnet, the Austerity of Poetry. Like the bride of Giacopone di Todì, like the Muse of

Poetry of whom her story made him think, he himself often appeared,

Radiant, adorned outside;

the world knew him so, and rejoiced in the knowledge; but, in his case too, as in that of the Italian bride, Death, the revealer, shows us

a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

We can now judge between those who looked on him as a cultivated trifler, and those who saw in him, before all things, a moralist, a liver of life in the light of eternity. No one could keep such a book as this for more than thirty years without meaning a great deal by it. It is the record, as plainly to be read as if it had been a journal, of what was most individual and essential in his nature. And it shows that the real man, in the most secret chambers of his soul, in the unseen life of every day, was akin to nothing lower than the very highest moments of his poetry.

The book by which his daughter has earned the warm gratitude of all who love her father's work and memory gives us the notes complete, as Arnold made them, for the first years, 1852-1861, during which the books were kept, and then for every fifth year from 1863 to 1888, the year in which he died. There are also some lists of books he set down to be read in certain years, with those he actually read struck out. Mrs. Wodehouse has contributed a preface, and, for illustrations, she has given us a *facsimilé* page of one of the original notebooks, and a reproduction of the well-known photograph of the poet. The books, in which the notes were written, were diaries of the most ordinary kind, intended for the insertion only of engagements, which was, in fact, the primary purpose for which Arnold used them.

The space allotted to each day is only about three inches by one, so that, as a rule, only one of his citations could be written in it, and the longer ones must have covered the space of several days. The names of the authors cited are sometimes given, but as often omitted: sometimes they are represented by initials: full references to chapter, page, or line are hardly ever given. The passages noted are in various languages: Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and German, as well as English. Very few, if any, are original reflections of the poet's own; they are sentences or passages suggested by his reading or his memory. Most of them are easily identified, the books most frequently quoted being the *Imitation*, given sometimes in Latin, and sometimes in English, and the Bible, which is often quoted in Greek as well as from the Vulgate and the English Version.

Some of the initials are obvious; one or two I cannot recognize. G. is of course Goethe; G. S., George Sand; B., Bunsen; C., Cicero. But whether J. de M. is always Joseph de Maistre, R. always Renan, and V. Vinet, I am not sure. The authors cited range from very great names to very insignificant ones. Among them are Goethe, who appears frequently, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Lucan, Dante, Leopardi, Lessing, Heine, Vauvenargues, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Renan, Condorcet, Littré, La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Sénancour, Bishop Wilson and Bishop Butler, Barrow, Burke, Clarendon, Paley, Johnson. Practically the whole book is taken from writers of this rank, but there are a small number of curiously insignificant entries, such as this from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"The French could not act differently, if they had determined to chill the enthusiastic admiration and sympathy with which the Republic was regarded on this side of the Chan-

nel." But these are extremely few, and the difficulty of reading the book lies rather in its giving us too much, and not too little, to stop and think about.

It is far from being a monotonous book: indeed, the list of its sources just quoted is proof enough of its variety. It is a confession of the whole man, his seriousness and belief in conduct, his intelligence and belief in mind, his imagination and belief in beauty. Everything that was in him finds its reflection, everything, perhaps, except his delightful humor. For that there was no room here; for this is a book of his needs. It exhibits the efforts he called upon himself every day to make, and humor lives without effort, where it lives at all. What he is doing here is what he all his life called upon the public more than anything else to do: to use books not as the idlest of amusements, nor as a means of purposeless learning, but as what he was so profoundly convinced the best books can be, an unailing fountain of strength and of consolation; to realize that much time given to reading can only justify itself when it does not forget the grave question of Epictetus: "Is not the reading of books a preparation for life?" But it must be the whole of life; and the value of this book lies in its being at once one of the very finest books of devotion issued in England for many years and so much besides that is the very opposite of ordinary books of devotion. *Angelica hilaritas cum monastica simplicitate*, says one of its notes. Well, there is not certainly much hilarity, either angelic or human, in the book; that, as I have said, was not in its plan. But how much there is in it which monastic simplicity, even when that simplicity was saintliness, nearly always lacked, and for want of which the saints of the Middle Age often seem one-sided, maimed, and almost inhuman; so that the larger life of to-

day is apt to feel impatiently that to be with them is to be enclosed behind narrowing nunnery walls, where to breathe and move are difficult, to grow impossible. Arnold's desire rightly to renounce the world did not make him for a moment put aside his desire rightly to understand it; and he never made the mistake of fancying that the way to increase his spiritual stature was to dwarf his intellect.

Yet, to take that devotional element first, not a monk of them all can choose sterner texts for his daily meditation than this poet and man of the world. People who saw only the weaker side of his studies in religion were apt to think of him as diluting Christianity into a kind of sentiment, half philosophic and half poetic. Yet what we find here is that the things most quoted from the Gospels are the things most uniquely and sternly Christian. Those tremendous sayings, which so few of us dare really face, "Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it," "Whosoever taketh not up his cross, and cometh after me, he cannot be my disciple," are just the texts that he set down to have before him, again and again. And the favorite things from the Imitation are also the most distinctively Christian. The way of self-denial, which is not the way of any philosophy but the way of the Cross alone, is the most frequent of the subjects chosen. "Non est alia via ad vitam, et ad veram internam pacem, nisi via sanctae crucis, et quotidianae mortificationis;" "soli servi crucis inveniunt viam beatitudinis, et verae lucis;" "quanto quisque plus sibi moritur, tanto magis Deo vivere incipit;" "utinam per unum diem bene essemus conversati in hoc mundo;" "vae nobis, si volumus declinare ad quietem, quasi jam pax sit et securitas, cum necdum appareat vestigium verae sanctitatis in conversatione nostra;" these, and such as these, breathing just what was most

intimate, secret, and unique in the Christian message, occur again and again year after year. Few testimonies to the solitary greatness of the Imitation can be more remarkable than this of Matthew Arnold, looking on all questions of life, both creed and practice, from a point of view so very different to that of a mediæval monk, and yet finding just here in this monk's communings with himself the best sort of food on which to wage his so different daily warfare.

But though he touches mediævalism in this way, he has nothing whatever of its turn for idle speculation, or its taste for morbid introspection or luxuriant mysticism. He passes away from it with its own "*Ecce labora et noli contristari*," and plunges into the daily struggle of an active life. No one knows better than he the need and value of solitude; but his solitude must be an oasis in the desert of the world, not a desert of inactivity with an oasis of action here and there. He will note with Lacordaire "*se retirer en soi et en Dieu est la plus grande force qui soit au monde*;" and realize to the full that "*un homme se fait en dedans de lui, et non en dehors*;" and his poems again and again show that he is aware that, in our bustling, hurrying generation, the worst of all states is that of those who, in a round of external activities, "*Fancy that they put forth all their life, And never know how with the soul it fares*." Yet it is the other lesson that he more often presses on himself, "*Ein unnütz Leben ist ein früher Tod*," is an entry that occurs again and again; and it is reduced to definite daily practice by the still more frequent "*Semper aliquid certi proponendum est*." His ideal for himself is "*une vie laborieuse, une succession de travaux qui remplissent et moralisent nos jours*;" and these must be matter of definite choice, selecting some, rejecting others, and bringing all to bear

on that "*fin voulue et désintéressée*," which, differing in each man, is for each man the condition of all growth.

I suppose there is no doubt what that end was in the case of Matthew Arnold. Few lives have had a clearer unity than his. His private character, his poetry, his criticism, his official career, all seem to have kept the same kind of goal before them. In every one of them he was an educationist. For himself as well as for others, he believed in the urgent importance of taking steps to arrive at his ideal, the knowledge of oneself and of the world. He saw, as he thought, one class of his countrymen barbarous and another dull, and he knew, besides, that there are very few of us in whom a strict enquiry would not disclose some remnants of the dullard, and even some of the barbarian. To most people this does not seem to matter much. To him it did, and he exhausted his official influence and his weight with the public as a man of letters in pleading that it does matter, and that it is vital to us as a nation and as individuals to institute a quick habit of mind for dullness, and seriousness for barbarism. That was the ideal that was behind all the forms his unwearied didacticism took. He was not his father's son for nothing. To everything he brought something of the schoolmaster: alike in his poetry, in his critical writings, and in his official reports, he took easily to the part of teacher and preacher, and it was this lesson before all others that he preached and taught. And few men have ever been more practical, little as he had the credit of it. He never wished himself or others to lose time on what could not be drawn into the practical service of life. Of course he had nothing in common with the people sometimes called practical men, who, in the face of all theory and all experience, think, so far as they are capable of thinking, that the

business of education is to produce successful stockbrokers and enterprising commercial travellers. Men, not bagmen, were the plant he wished to rear. And equally, men, not learned men, we must remember. The primary and universal business of education is with the human being, not with the future specialist, whether his specialism take the form of Assyrian roots or English nails and scissiors. His attitude is worth remembering at this moment of educational ferment, when we are beginning to gather the grapes of the vineyard he so painfully dug and planted in the wilderness of thirty years ago. Neither technicalism of any kind, nor information-worship of any kind, will meet our needs. If we are carried away by either, the grapes of the now promising vineyard will prove but wild grapes after all. Our bagmen will not be the less enterprising or successful, nor our learned men less learned, for having had their education directed during some impressionable years towards higher, more universal, more essential things than either learning or commerce. Let us try in this matter of education to ask the right questions and not the wrong—not whether a school teaches Greek or natural science, but whether a boy carries away from it a finer character, a more trained and serious intelligence than boys from another school. Let us try to prefer the capacity of thinking to the showy achievements of memory which have so often killed mind, and to honor taste and judgment, which perceive the relations and varying value of knowledge, above the superficial cleverness which displays all alike, with equal interest or equal indifference. Let us remember all that the example of Germany teaches, and not only a part: not only that it is possible to do much more than we do to bring science to the aid of commerce, and to teach modern languages more

effectively, but also that German experience, as well as English, seems to show that, on the whole, the old humanities are the best foundation, and even that the boys trained in them are so much better trained that, if they come later to the modern subjects, they are apt rapidly to overtake those who have had the modern training all along. We hear a great deal about German and American successes in the world, and our own failures; and people have some kind of fancy that the successes come of "modern" education, and the failures of Latin and Greek. It is just as well then to remember, not only such testimony in favor of the classical training as that quoted by Matthew Arnold in 1869 from Dr. Jäger, the director of a great school at Cologne, which united both kinds of studies, but also such facts as those given in Mr. Sadler's recent reports, from which it appears that in the very years in which Germany and America have been supposed to gain upon us, there has been, in the United States, a distinct growth of opinion in favor of Latin, so that more boys in secondary schools are learning Latin than any other subject, and that in Prussia, there has arisen "a new wave of enthusiasm on behalf of the classical humanities," so that the number of boys attending the strictly classical Gymnasien has lately been growing fast. Above all, let us not forget that what Germany has achieved she has achieved by really caring about education and believing in intelligence; and that we can only achieve the same result in the same way. But, whether we are looking at home or abroad, the great thing, Matthew Arnold would say, is to keep our eyes fixed on the true goal. In our education, whether before or after the school age, our business is to hold fast to all that helps us to know ourselves and the world; ourselves that we may not mistake the

part it is for us to play, the world that we may see plainly how and when, with what helps and under what limitations, it is to be played. Life itself is, after all, the one thing round which all the rest must centre. If that be borne in mind, and if the conception of life be really large and generous, we may have the surest faith that we shall not lose our way.

That, at least, was how Arnold saw the problem. In his greatest critical studies the point of view is always of that nature. The question asked about Goethe or Wordsworth or Keats is how we can to-day get actual hold of him. The method is, in the best sense, a practical one. Let us study what we can apply to our life and to ourselves. It is a better thing to learn to appreciate the beauty of a lily or of one of Shakespeare's songs, than to learn the number of square miles in Canada; and that is not only because the one thing is of a higher order than the other, but because the one can be made a part of life, and the other, in most cases, cannot. And so, wherever we follow Arnold, we find this highest sort of practical wisdom. And in nothing he wrote is it more conspicuous than in these Notebooks, written wholly with a view to practice, the direct and immediate practice of the passing day. He draws his supplies, as we have seen, from a wide country, but he accepts nothing that he cannot use. As with the body, so with the mind; the food our system cannot assimilate is worse than useless, it is burdensome, injurious, not far from poisonous. We have seen him at his work of choosing his daily diet on the spiritual and religious side: let us see him at the same work on the merely moral and intellectual side. He is a grown man, and it is strong food, fit for grown men, and fit to stimulate growth. The texts with which he arms himself in the morning to meet the

labors and pleasures of the day are such as these: *Vivitur ingenio, caetera mortis erunt*: he who fancies that his mind may effectually be changed in a short time, deceives himself: *es ist nicht genug zu wissen, man muss auch anwenden; es ist nicht genug zu wollen, man muss auch thun*: *pour exécuter de grandes choses, il faut vivre comme si on ne devait jamais mourir*: was Friedrichen so gross und einzig gemacht hat, ist dass er jede bedeutende Sache, die er unternahm, so eifrig, so thätig betrieb, als wenn sie die einzige wäre die ihn beschäftigte, und als hätte er noch nie was Anderes zu Stande gebracht: rien ne sauve dans cette vie-ci que l'occupation et le travail: den einzelnen Verkehrtheiten des Tags sollte man immer nur grosse weltgeschichtliche Massen entgegensetzen. This was the sort of daily food he took with him to the schools he inspected, to the country houses he visited, to the study in which he worked at home. It is stimulating fare; and not only for the few who can hope to accomplish "de grandes choses," whether in Frederick the Great's way, or in Matthew Arnold's. Besides things of this sort, there are of course also some extracts, though not so many as one would expect, less general in their application, carrying some suggestion of his own special tastes and habits of life. Not many, indeed, of the passages which he quoted and requoted with such exasperating frequency in his books, reappear in these private notes: not even his favorite "things are what they are," from Butler. But the special purpose for which that served him was perhaps rather that it could be used as a kind of solemn episcopal excommunication of those who disagreed with him; so it was hardly needed here. Of the rest, scarcely any appear except Monsieur Cochin's praise of Shakespeare, and, many times repeated, St. Paul's

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good report." And it is curious that he who was before all things an English poet, and a critic of English poetry, hardly takes any of his notes from the English poets. Shakespeare appears only once, I think; Milton only once; even Wordsworth of whom he was so special a student and disciple, only twice. The book is indeed almost entirely one of prose: which is again very curious in the man who insisted, with an earnestness that has about it the ring of personal experience, on the great future that lies before poetry when mankind shall have discovered that it is to poetry that we must turn, far more than we have hitherto, "to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." Perhaps the best poetry was so much a part of him that he had no need to set it down in this way. Certainly the man who made a practice of reading a Canto of the *Divina Commedia* the last thing at night was not likely to make less use of poetry himself than he recommended to others. But whatever the cause there is very little poetry here. Still, the poet and critic are in the book, though overshadowed by the moralist. Indeed, the critic comes in rather incongruously at times, in a way his fine taste would certainly not have let pass, if the book could have gone through his own hands on its way to the printer. One feels, for instance, that the entry, "Sophocles: le modèle de l'homme idéal, la plénitude et l'élévation du développement intellectuel, la noblesse inaltérable de la beauté virile," comes in rather strangely between these for Good Friday and Easter, 1868, "By means of death for the redemption of the transgressors," and "Vellem me pluries tacuisse, et inter homines non fuisse"; and it is still more surprising on January 4th of the same year to read, first, "Little Basil died"; and then, "Formerly, la critique n'était que

l'art de tout discuter; *now*, la critique est l'art de tout comprendre, et de tout expliquer par l'histoire." But in this case the fault lies, at least partly, with the printer; for he has printed the two entries as if they belonged to the same day: which is not the case, as is shown by the facsimile which happens to give this very page. "Little Basil died" was the only entry that day: and when, a week later, it is followed by "Dear little Basil was buried," it is not any literary or critical note that shares the space, but "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child." Part of this occasional incongruity may also be due to notes being inserted in the space for a particular day some time before the day arrived. He evidently often did this, as is proved by the strangely significant text inserted for the day on which his funeral took place: "When the dead is at rest let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him."

The extracts that refer directly to the life of the man of letters are not very many. He who, I suppose, did not write very easily, and always fancied himself unpopular, draws consolation more than once from "das Hervorbringen selbst ein Vergnügen und sein eigener Lohn ist." Several entries exhibit his interest in the problem of the essence of tragedy. Many bear witness to his profound belief in the value of Art as a whole, and his keen interest in its problems. One day he will enter, "Through the contemplation of works of art, to keep alive in the mind a high, unapproachable ideal," the doctrine, and I suppose the words, of Goethe; another day he will take, I think from Renan, the truth, not new but never yet really learned, that "le plus grand peintre n'aperçoit dans le monde que ce qu'il aime à y voir; il y a une préférence au fond de chaque talent;" on another he will note, in words

which are again, I suppose, Goethe's, the Platonic doctrine of the hope and meaning of Beauty: das Schöne ist eine Manifestation geheimer Naturgesetze, die uns ohne dessen Erscheinung ewig wären verborgen geblieben."

There are also a few extracts bearing on his political speculations, which are, as might be expected, of less interest. In politics he was never more than a suggestive amateur: in literature, and, one may say, in life, he was a master. Enough has been quoted to show how he sustained, and how he used, his mastery. The whole of this admirable little book, a book with real life and use in it, which so few are, is simply a practical example of the truth of those two sayings of his, which his daughter quotes in her preface: "The importance of reading, not slight stuff

The Fortnightly Review.

to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and best manner by reading." This is from a letter to his sister: the other is from the preface to "Culture and Anarchy": "One must, I think, be struck more and more the longer one lives, to find how much in our present society a man's life of each day depends for its solidity and value on whether he reads during *that* day, and, far more still, on what he reads during it." To go through this little volume is to see how a wise man lived in the best company every day, and kept his ears open.

J. C. Bailey.

MADAME DE LIEVEN.*

The springs which regulate the movement of history are occasionally concealed from contemporary observers, and elude the researches of later students. The character of a Minister or the private conversations of diplomats may have much more influence on the progress of a negotiation than the formal documents which are periodically published for the information of either Parliaments or Peoples. Women, too, have played their part in the conduct of affairs, and the wife, or the mistress, of a monarch has affected, by her counsel or her caprice, the happiness of mankind. But the lady whose letters to her brother form the text of this article stands—so far as we know—in a niche alone. She is the

only instance of which we are aware of a woman, the wife of an Ambassador, practically superseding her husband in his own duties, and, at the same time, actively interfering in the domestic politics of the country to which he was accredited. For no one who is familiar with English history in the reign of George IV., or who has read the letters in this book, or the correspondence which has been published elsewhere, can doubt that Madame de Lieven was the mainspring of the Russian Embassy in London during that reign, or that she exerted considerable influence on the domestic politics of England during the same time.

That influence she secured by the fas-

*"Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven, during her Residence in London, 1812-1834." Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. With two Photogravure Por-

traits. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1902.

cination which she exercised over some of the most commanding intellects of the nineteenth century. Prince Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and M. Guizot were among those who were either her closest friends or impassioned admirers. With Lord Grey, who had nearly reached his sixtieth year before he made her acquaintance, she was always "dearest Princess;" in letter after letter he professed himself "entirely yours." Her letters to him are at least as warm as his to her. She said of them herself: "Elles sont très intimes, plus intimes que les siennes;" and the feelings which she afterwards inspired in M. Guizot were even stronger than those with which Lord Grey regarded her. Yet we sometimes doubt whether, during the whole of her long residence in England, Madame de Lieven ever allowed her heart to influence her head. She had, throughout those years, one dominating passion, which controlled and overpowered any lighter affection. Whether she was the friend of Prince Metternich, of the Duke of Wellington, or of Lord Grey, her heart from first to last was Russian to the core. She was devoted to the interests of her own country and its rulers. She could tolerate defects in a statesman who was disposed to be on good terms with Russia. She could not forgive a Minister who pursued an anti-Russian policy. She broke from Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington—just as she very nearly quarrelled with Lord Grey—because his and their opinions were not sufficiently Russian for her taste. She set no doubt a high value on the intimate relations which she established with the very eminent men whose names are so closely associated with her own. But she was always ready to sacrifice their friendship, their love, on the altar of her country.

If Madame de Lieven had been only

remarkable for her friendships, her memory would have been full of interest. But, in addition, she was not only a very industrious, but a very accomplished letter-writer. Mr. Guy L'Es-trange introduced us a dozen years ago to her correspondence with Lord Grey; M. Ernest Daudet has lately given us a few samples of her letters to Prince Metternich and M. Guizot: samples, we may add, which create an appetite for more. And Lord Stanmore has been good enough to lay before us a good deal of her correspondence with Lord Aberdeen, which has been privately printed with the other papers of that statesman. Other letters from her have been published in some or other of the memoirs of the times in which she lived. In all of them there is the same attractive style, the same clear reasoning, the same single-hearted devotion to the cause of her country and its ruling dynasty. She herself indeed modestly declared that her own letters were inferior to Lord Grey's; and that while "les siennes appartiennent à l'histoire, les miennes peuvent servir à des éclaircissements." But few who have read the correspondence will subscribe to this opinion. There is a passion and a power in Madame de Lieven's letters which is seldom met with in political correspondence; there is a keen desire to influence the conduct of persons and to regulate the course of events which imparts to them an historical importance. They are instinct with the life and breath of a strong and resolute personality.

The letters which Mr. Robinson has now edited are of a different character. They are addressed to her own brother, who for many years held "a post of confidence" at the Russian Court, which "kept him in close relations with the Emperor." They were obviously intended for other eyes than those of her brother, and they probably supplement the communications

which the Princess was addressing at the same time to the Empress-Mother and to Count Nesselrode. They are a close and continuous record of the course of domestic politics in this country, and of the views of its leading statesmen on foreign policy. Addressed, as they are, to a brother in full sympathy with the writer's passionate attachment to Russia and its Emperor, they are necessarily devoid of the qualities which distinguish the letters to Lord Grey. In them she is the advocate pleading the cause of Russia; in these the critic reviewing the character and conduct of British statesmen.

In translating and in editing these letters Mr. Robinson has deserved well of his readers. His version, if not altogether free from the defects which are inevitable in the close rendering of any composition in a foreign language, is always clear. The "historical threads" with which he has connected the letters, and the notes with which he has illustrated them, are concise and usually accurate; and the portraits of Madame de Lieven by Sir Thomas Lawrence in her youth and by Mr. Watts in her age, which he has reproduced, enable us to realize the appearance of a lady who occupied so high a place in the fashionable society of London, and exerted so strong a fascination on so many distinguished men.

Dorothea Benckendorff, who was born in December 1784 or 1785,¹ was the daughter of a general in the Russian service, who, at the time of her birth, was military commander at Riga. Her mother, Baroness Charlotte Schilling, was the intimate friend of Princess Marie of Würtemberg, the wife of the Emperor Paul I. She died in 1797, and commended her four children to the care of the Empress, whom

Madame de Lieven afterwards described as "a Sister of Charity upon the throne." The Empress treated her from her earliest infancy with motherly kindness, and appointed her, when she left school, one of her maids of honor. Her Court life, however, was of short duration; for, in 1800 or 1801,² she married Count [afterwards Lieutenant-General] Lieven, an officer who became Envoy at Berlin in 1800 or 1810,³ and who was made Russian Ambassador in London in 1812. For the next twenty-two years, the period over which her letters to her brother extend, Madame de Lieven resided, with short intervals, in England.

During the first seven years of her life in London there is no evidence that Madame de Lieven concerned herself with the domestic politics or the foreign policy of the country to which her husband was accredited. She became a leader of fashion, the intimate friend of Lady Jersey and Lady Cowper, a patroness of Almack's, in which capacity she introduced, in 1816, the waltz to London society. "Without any pretensions to beauty," so wrote Mr. Greville, who, we believe, was one of her many lovers, and who became, in later years, one of her correspondents, "she had so fine an air and manner, and a countenance so pretty and so full of intelligence, as to be on the whole a very striking and attractive person. She almost immediately took her place in the cream of the cream of English society, forming close intimacies with the most conspicuous women in it, and assiduously cultivating relations with the most remarkable men of all parties." Welcome everywhere, she was the guest of the Regent at Brighton; she "made the round of all the country seats of

¹ Mr. Guy L'Estrange says in December 1784; M. Ernest Daudet, in 1784; Mr. Robinson, in December 1785.

² Mr. Guy L'Estrange says in 1801; Mr. Robinson, in 1800.

³ Mr. Robinson says in 1800; Mr. Guy L'Estrange, in 1810.

the kingdom." She told her brother that she was "literally fought for," and that it was not "fashionable" where she was not.

Probably during these years she was extremely happy. England was "beautiful," and she passed much of her time at Richmond, "the most beautiful spot in beautiful England." But, while she delighted in English scenery, and in the splendor of English country seats, she did not, in the first half-dozen years of her exile in London, reconcile herself completely to her life. Her friends there were too silent; they were too *gauche*; "the country itself was always the same—an endless chain of perfections, which appeal to the reason, but which leave the imagination untouched." England was a country in which she might be content to live for a time, but in which she could never wish to die. And, after six years of it, she declared that she had seen "enough of London fogs," and that she would "receive with delight the news of another appointment." The time came, fifteen years later, when her husband's recall definitely removed her from London, but her feelings then were very different from her anticipations in 1819.

"Notre existence ici est honorable et brillante"—so she wrote to Lord Aberdeen. "Je l'aimerais fort si je pouvais oublier l'Angleterre, et si je ne vivais dans un climat fait pour les ours. . . . Je me sens bien loin de l'Europe, dans ce beau château. . . . J'ai un fond de société agréable, mais le cercle d'idées et de conversation est bien loin de ce qui a fait ma nourriture journalière pendant vingt-deux années. C'est bien triste, my Lord, de quitter des habitudes si longues et des habitudes qui m'étaient si chères."

Before a year was over she had fled from St. Petersburg and established herself at Paris.

The many friendships which she had

contracted or cemented in England between 1819 and 1834 were no doubt sufficient to account for this alteration in her opinions. But, in addition, it seems probable that her life from 1819 had been much fuller and more interesting than her life before that date. In the first six years of her long sojourn in England she had played a great social part. She had mingled with all that was best and brightest in English society; she had enjoyed the acquaintance or the friendship of every one that was worth knowing. But, from 1819 downwards, the interest which she had previously taken in social matters was supplanted by the greater interest which she gradually acquired in politics. From 1819 to 1825, indeed, she was alternately attracted by private friendships and political affairs (the first allusion to English politics in the letters to her brother occurs in 1823). But from 1825 her absorption in politics gave her comparatively little leisure for society. Domestic politics and foreign policy form the chief staple of her correspondence, the chief interest of her life.

This change in Madame de Lieven's interests was probably, in the first instance, quickened by her intimacy with Prince Metternich. She met the Prince at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, and, to quote the strong words of M. Daudet, "elle s'était prise de passion pour lui, comme lui pour elle." M. Daudet's words are amply justified by the extracts which he gives from her correspondence with the Prince. "A demain. Demain je t'aimerai comme tous les jours de ma vie! Mon ami, comme il m'est doux de t'aimer. C'est une si ravissante chose." She longed for his company; she deplored his absence as a penance. To the world at large she seemed a prey to *ennui*. But the *ennui* was mainly caused by her separation from her lover.

The intimate relations which Ma-

dame de Lieven established with the Prince at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 were renewed at Verona in 1822. M. Chateaubriand has described in bitter language Madame de Lieven's presence at this famous Congress. He did not forgive her for her neglect of Madame Récamier, who had accompanied him to Verona. But even he admits that

les Ministres, et tous ceux qui désirent le devenir, sont fiers d'être protégés par une dame qui a l'honneur de voir M. de Metternich aux heures où le grand homme, pour se délasser du poids des affaires, s'amuse à effiloquer de la soie.

It is quite clear that her *salon* became the centre of all that was best at the Congress. She said herself that there was not a single woman of distinction there,* and that she was the sole representative of her species. At any rate, in language which shows that she believed her brother had no conception of her relations with Prince Metternich, she wrote:—

Every evening the Congress assembles *chez moi*. Both Count Nesselrode and Prince Metternich urged me to allow this as a resource for them, and I find every advantage in such an arrangement, because it brings me into daily contact with those who are most noteworthy, either by the part they play in Europe or by their personal attractions. I already knew Prince Metternich fairly well by meeting him on several occasions; but here I have associated with him on the most friendly terms. The Duke of Wellington, too, who is the best and firmest of my English friends, comes to me constantly.

The society with which Madame de Lieven was surrounded, and her long absence from Russia, induced her own fellow-countrymen at Verona to look on her with suspicion. In her own

words, "the Russians, diplomats and others, all look upon me as a foreigner." She evidently, therefore, at that time had not superseded her husband in his functions of ambassador. But there was one exception to the distrust with which other Russians regarded her. It was at Verona that she gained the friendship of Count Nesselrode, the most distinguished of them all. Her friendship with Count Nesselrode gave her a new interest in politics. The Count had probably the perspicacity to see that he could derive the most valuable information from a woman of his own race, whose singular qualities gave her supremacy in every society which she entered, and who was the most intimate friend of the first man in England and the first man in Austria.

Thenceforward the Princess became the Count's correspondent. Their letters have, so far, not been published; but we suspect that they were both frequent and long. "I have been writing a long letter to Count Nesselrode," so she wrote on one occasion to her brother. "A volume of writing for Count Nesselrode has exhausted all my strength," she added on another. It does not seem too much to say, therefore, that, after Verona, Count Nesselrode began to rely on her reports rather than on those of her husband; and that from this date, she gradually took the increasing interest in politics which has given an historical importance to her letters.

The Congress of Verona, whose most distinguished members were passing their evenings in Madame de Lieven's *salon*, marks a distinct epoch in the foreign policy of Europe. Before it assembled, Austria and Russia had acted together, and had desired to preserve the peace of the world by imposing their own decisions upon the peo-

* The judgment is a hard one on the long list of Princesses whose names are preserved by M.

Chateaubriand in the "Congres de Verone," p. 34; and on Madame Récamier.

ple of the Continent. The British Foreign Office, moreover, under Lord Castlereagh's guidance, had sympathized with the policy which had inspired the Holy Alliance. But Lord Castlereagh's tragic death occurred on the eve of the assembly of the Congress. Russia and Austria drifted apart at its deliberations, the former country supporting, the latter disliking, the interference of France in Spain, which almost immediately resulted from it; and the Holy Alliance never recovered from the divergent attitudes of the two Empires.

At Verona the Duke of Wellington, under the guidance of Mr. Canning, who had succeeded Lord Castlereagh, supported the Austrian view; and, if no other great question had agitated the council-chambers of Europe, Austria and Great Britain might have drawn closer together. In the East, however, the Greek War of Independence was raising issues which were attracting the attention and exciting the sympathy of Western Europe. Russia, the hereditary foe of Turkey, was naturally inclined to look with favor on the cause of the Greeks; Austria, jealous of Russia's progress towards Constantinople, was anxious, on the contrary, to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The brutal measures which the Turks adopted to stamp out insurrection ultimately produced an alliance between Russia, France, and England, which led to the Treaty of London, the most important arrangement of Mr. Canning's life, and, after his death, to the battle of Navarino. The fall of Lord Goderich's short-lived Ministry and the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power led to another change of policy in the British Foreign Office. The battle of Navarino was formally declared to be an untoward event; the new British Ministry looked with cold disapproval on the proposals which were subse-

quently made for carrying out the provisions of the Treaty of London, and when the Russo-Turkish war of 1828 broke out the Prime Minister of England hardly attempted to conceal his distrust of Russia.

These events had a marked effect on Madame de Lieven's opinions. "Russian to the core," as she described herself, she could not brook an anti-Russian feeling in her most intimate friends. Her opinion of the Duke of Wellington rapidly changed. After the fatal illness of Lord Liverpool in the spring of 1827 she persuaded herself that the struggle in the Cabinet was one between "Gothic ideas and modern tendencies," and that in this contest it was the first duty of every good Russian to support Mr. Canning."

He is a man of extraordinary talent, and he is honest. He is not a Jacobin, and he is the only member of the English Cabinet who is well disposed, entirely well disposed, towards Russia. He is absolutely opposed to the Austrian policy, and as anti-Turk as it is possible to be. On the other hand, one cannot but deplore the imprudence of his speeches. A man whom vanity and success carry away to the extent of giving to his words a meaning at variance with his intentions is not a statesman. I regret it, but we have cause to love Canning, and, for that reason, the other considerations do not trouble me.

Mr. Canning, indeed, surrounded by many difficulties, did not pursue the anti-Turkish policy with the impetuosity which she had expected.

A man may be bold enough so long as he is in the second rank, and yet lose his courage in the first; and such has been Mr. Canning's case. At last, however, he is moving and with us, and to hold back is impossible. Once Mr. Canning embarks, the ship must start on her course; the difficulty has been to start, to induce him to go on board.

The anchor was weighed: the Treaty of London was signed. But the ship had hardly started on her voyage before she lost her pilot.

We have just lost Canning. I say "we," because his loss really touches us personally. I say "we," also as Russians, for he was the sincere friend and ally of Russia.

It was not unnatural that Madame de Lieven should prefer "the Minister friendly to the Greeks to the Minister friendly to the Turks;" her preference for Mr. Canning naturally affected her relations with the Duke of Wellington. We have already seen that she had described the Duke at Verona as the best and firmest of her English friends. Two years before she had said of him:

He is charming, agreeable, and accommodating in the highest degree. He is a most excellent resource for us, and quite happy if one will pet him. The truth is that London bores him, and he is never so much at ease as in our house.

And in 1826, when the Duke accepted a mission to convey George IV.'s congratulations to the Emperor Nicholas on his accession to the throne, she told her brother:

I am delighted that he is going to see our country; and I am sure that his visit will be greeted with much satisfaction by the Emperor and our people. I rejoice in anticipation, both in his success and in the impressions of our country which he will bring back. He is the finest and noblest character of the day; and he is probably even more distinguished by his feelings than even by his high military reputation. The visit he is paying to our country is a genuine pleasure to him, and England could not send an Ambassador more worthy of the great occasion.

Alas! *Varium et mutabile semper femina*. A few months afterwards she

denounced the Duke's conduct in opposing Mr. Canning as "bad, perfidious, and injurious to the country;" and in 1828 she wrote: "The Duke of Wellington is Prime Minister; the Duke of Wellington is Austrian. He prefers the trickiness of M. de Metternich to the straightforwardness of the Emperor Nicholas." His own friends in the Cabinet "are overawed by that despot Wellington." "If only I could wring the neck of this Government, how pleased I should be!" The Duke has no principles; to do nothing is the ruling principle of his policy. Bad faith and impotency are the characteristics of his Government. He has not even the merit of courage. "A greater coward at bottom than this great Captain could not be found."

We have quoted these extravagant utterances of an angry woman to show how little value can be attached to Madame de Lieven's judgment of men. Her opinions of public men, of their character, and of their capacity almost entirely depended on their Russian policy. But it is only fair to admit that the Duke's conduct gave her some cause for annoyance. We are not now alluding so much to his anti-Russian policy, though, if we may apply a modern phrase, we think that his Grace, in 1828, "put his money on the wrong horse."

But we have Lord Palmerston's testimony that the Duke had allowed "a great many little things to set him against the Lievens," and that his dislike of Russia was founded "on strong personal feeling." He persuaded himself, too, that from the formation of his Government M. and Madame de Lieven had been engaged (as principals) in intrigues to deprive him of power; that they had misrepresented at St. Petersburg all that he had done; and that he would be amply justified in insisting on their recall. If, then, Madame de Lieven was guilty of using

terms of exaggerated censure when she was writing of the Duke, the Duke, on his side, did not measure his language when he was writing of Madame de Lieven; and, if we think Madame de Lieven's abuse undignified and in bad taste, we fear that we must add that the Duke's language was not quite worthy of him.

Provocation, indeed, the Duke had. It may be difficult to show that he was right in supposing that the Lievens had been "parties to all party intrigues against" his Administration. Madame de Lieven herself said that "to know everything and to meddle in nothing" were her two chief duties. But, if she managed to know most things, no one can read her correspondence without perceiving that she meddled in a great many. A personal friend of George IV., in constant intercourse with him, she certainly did her best to influence him against his Prime Minister. She probably did more. It is well known that, in the closing months of the reign, the Duke of Cumberland used his utmost influence with the King to induce him to dispense with the Duke of Wellington's services. The Duke of Cumberland was the least reputable of the many sons of George III. There were stories current about him in 1829 and 1830 which might have made any woman shrink from his society; yet there is no doubt that at this time Madame de Lieven was in daily communication with him. It may be an exaggeration to say—as Lord Ellenborough says—that "Madame de Lieven [was] endeavoring to form a Government with the Duke of Cumberland, the Ultra Tories, the Canningites, and

some "Whigs;" but there can be little doubt that she was acting in a manner unusual in a lady in her position, and which accounts for and explains the Duke's resentment.*

It probably cost Madame de Lieven only a slight pang to separate from the Duke. But the years in which she drifted from him were destined to witness the rupture of her relations with another statesman, who held a much warmer corner of her heart. The cause and even the date of her estrangement from Prince Metternich are, so far as we are aware, unknown. M. Daudet thinks that it had commenced in 1823, and that "elle [la rupture] leur fut sans doute imposée par l'impossibilité de se voir et de vaincre les obstacles qui les séparaient." The rupture was, at any rate, complete in 1827, when the Prince contracted a second marriage with another lady. But we doubt whether M. Daudet is right in thinking that absence alone could have caused the breach. Through long years of separation Madame de Lieven maintained unbroken her friendship for Lord Grey; and, fond as she was of the Prime Minister of England, she had never felt for him the passionate admiration with which Prince Metternich had inspired her. We suspect, though we cannot prove, that her rupture with the Prince, like her quarrel with the Duke, was due to political causes. In the years which succeeded the Congress of Verona the policy of Russia and Austria, both in Western and Eastern Europe, widely diverged, and Madame de Lieven was always ready to censure the course which Prince Metternich was pursuing. The

* Her quarrel with the Duke was only temporary. Partly, perhaps, because the settlement of the Greek question removed the chief cause of difference; and partly, we suspect, in consequence of hints from Russia (see p. 275), she managed to re-establish her old friendly relations with the Prime Minister. The Duke had the good sense to meet her advances. "He went to see my children in the country during my absence.

This called for a little politeness on my part, so I wrote to him. He came to see me yesterday, and we ended by saying quite tender things to each other" (p. 225). The reconciliation was so marked that Lord Grey told her that he must "congratulate the Duke on having so thoroughly subjugated" her. (Letters to Lord Grey, vol. i. p. 211.)

old Metternich, with whom she had fallen so violently in love at Aix-la-Chapelle, had been replaced in her imagination by a new Metternich,⁶ with whom she had no sympathy. She lived to regard her former lover as the greatest rascal on the face of the earth ("le plus grand coquin du monde"), and to record her pleasure on hearing the Duke of Wellington say that he had never shared the opinion of his being a great statesman.

It was at about the time at which she first met Prince Metternich that she commenced the remarkable correspondence with Lord Grey which Mr. Guy L'Estrange has given us.⁷ During the first years the letters which passed between them were infrequent, and they only gradually assumed the appearance of extreme affection which they ultimately wore. Politics at one moment indeed seemed likely to separate her from Lord Grey, as they had already estranged her from Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington. She actually told him, in 1827, that she should consider "as personal anything [he might] say having a tendency to embarrass the fulfilment of the Treaty [of London]."

Lord Grey had the good sense to reply:

You threaten me, and it is to me a severe threat, that, if I take the part which I feel it is my duty to take on the affairs of Greece, you will consider it a personal offence. This, of course, precludes all discussion. I must submit to the penalty, if I should be so unfortunate as to incur it; but, in my turn, I must add not a threat, but the expression of a resolution, equally sin-

cere and equally firm, that, if our friendship is broken off on this ground, it never can be renewed.

This firm language had a good effect, and, though Lord Grey and she frequently differed in opinion during the succeeding years, their differences led to no interruption either of their friendship or of the correspondence to which the student of history in the reign of George IV. is so much indebted. Madame de Lieven seems instinctively to have realized that Lord Grey was the Duke of Wellington's only possible successor. "Take office, my dear Lord," so she wrote to him in October, 1828. "Take office, my dear Lord," she repeated a few days afterwards; "but then you will not. And the last is the plain truth; for, if you only wished it, you could become Premier." "The evening papers of last night already named you as Privy Seal. This offends me, for I will hear of no half measures for you. As I have already told you, the place you have to take is the first place. I see in you the only man capable of governing England." These expressions were not perhaps very discreet when they came from the pen of an Ambassador's wife. But they were the not unnatural tribute of a clever woman to the prominent statesman who was her most intimate friend. They prepare us, at any rate, for the genuine joy with which she received the news that Lord Grey had been instructed to form a Ministry.*

You can imagine how delighted I am, my dear Lord. Honor paid to you is as dear to me as if it were paid to myself, and you have the most sincere

⁶ Lord Grey, in writing to her in 1827, said, "Even the Nouveau Metternich has disappeared from the scene;" and he is evidently employing an epithet which Madame de Lieven had previously used. (Correspondence, vol. 1. p. 68.)

⁷ The published correspondence with Lord Grey begins in September, 1824; and Mr. L'Estrange says that the earliest of Lord Grey's letters to her which has been preserved is dated October,

1823. She, herself, however—in arranging the Correspondence in 1834—told Lord Grey that "it begins in the year 1819." (Correspondence, vol. III. p. 32, note.)

* Lord Grey's first act, on returning from the King, was apparently to send her a short note informing her that he had been commissioned to form a new Administration.

good wishes of my affectionate friendship. . . . Good night, my dear Lord; sleep well; husband your health and strength, and all will go well.

But, amidst her personal pleasure at the accession of her most intimate friend to the first place in the Ministry, she did not allow herself to neglect the interests of her own country. She at once asked Lord Grey to leave Lord Heytesbury at St. Petersburg (a request intelligible enough to anyone who has had the advantage of seeing Lord Heytesbury's unpublished Diary, and who is consequently aware of the high opinion which he had formed of the Emperor Nicholas), and to entrust the Foreign Office to Lord Palmerston,* whom a year before she had described as "an adherent," and who she now told her brother was "perfect in every way."

At this moment Madame de Lieven must have thought that she had secured all that it was possible for her to obtain. After more than seventeen years of life in England she had lived to see her "most affectionate" friend Prime Minister, and a man of her own preference, who thirteen years before had been her partner in the first waltz she had danced in London, Foreign Secretary. But even the most fascinating of women cannot control the conduct of statesmen; and Madame de Lieven, in the next few years, found herself almost as hopelessly opposed to the foreign policy of Lord Grey's Cabinet as she had been some years before at variance with the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington.

It must be admitted that Russia was peculiarly unfortunate in the period which is covered by the Administrations of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey. In the time of the Duke she was pursuing a policy in the East

with which English Liberals were sympathizing, and a Tory Cabinet was in office. In the time of Lord Grey she was pursuing a policy towards Holland, she was forced into a policy towards Poland, which every English Liberal disliked, and she had to reckon with a Liberal Ministry in England.

The separation of Belgium from Holland, in which Lord Palmerston played so great a share, was naturally distasteful to the Emperor Nicholas. On the one hand, it was the first considerable modification of the arrangements which had been made in 1815; and, on the other, it was prejudicial to the interests of the King of Holland, whose eldest son was brother-in-law to the Emperor. It was not, therefore, altogether surprising that Russia should have hesitated to ratify the treaty of November, 1831, under which the separation was finally effected. There were, indeed, rumors that the Russian Ambassador and his wife were themselves opposed to the ratification of the treaty, and were encouraging the King of Holland to resist its acceptance. Lord Grey alluded to this rumor, in writing to Madame de Lieven, on December 15, 1831, and drew from her a reply which is too long to quote here, but which showed that the accusation had severely tried her temper. It so happened that another circumstance at the moment was sorely straining Madame de Lieven's patience. The insurrection of the Poles, which had been perhaps another consequence of the unrest which had almost universally followed "the glorious days of July," was practically suppressed, and Prince Czartoryski, who had been the head of the Revolutionary Government, had escaped to this country. He called on Lord Grey, and Lord Grey invited him to dinner to meet Lord Palmerston. The incident threw the Lievens into a fury. The

* Lord Grey had intended to give the Foreign Office to Lord Lansdowne. (See p. 410 and compare an equally curious letter on p. 275.)

husband called on Lord Palmerston and lodged a formal remonstrance. The wife wrote an indignant letter to Lord Grey, complaining of his receiving "a State criminal, convicted of high treason against his Sovereign—a Sovereign who is the friend and the ally of England." Lord Grey, after saying "that to anyone else my answer would have been short: that it neither became a Foreign Minister to offer, nor me to receive such a communication," proceeded to explain and justify his conduct. But the lady did not immediately recover her temper. In the angry correspondence which ensued, Madame de Lieven became for the first time for many years "dear," instead of "dearest" Princess, and Lord Grey became only most "sincerely" instead of most "affectionately" hers. After a few days' reflection, indeed, both parties to the quarrel resumed their old relations of intimate friendship. But the wound, we suspect, continued to rankle. In no part of the period covered by the long correspondence with Lord Grey are the letters on either side so short, so infrequent, and so full of reproaches, as in the months which immediately succeeded the quarrel. Before it she said: "People would have to be very clever ever to know whether I am Whig or Tory. I only display one color—that is yours, I am Grey." After her quarrel she wrote to her brother, "I shall continue to cultivate Lord Grey, though he bores me not a little."

Happily, however, in May, 1832, one cause of difference was removed by the conditional ratification of the Belgian treaty by Russia, and the correspondence between Lord Grey and Madame de Lieven was resumed almost at its former length and on its previous terms of affectionate intimacy. At this point, however, the lady's letters to her brother were almost entirely discontinued, and we lose the advantage which they up to that time supply of a run-

ning commentary on her correspondence with Lord Grey. The loss is the more serious because the relations between this country and Russia again became strained. Both in the West and in the East of Europe the policy which Russia was adopting was opposed to the views of the British Foreign Office. In the West, Russia disapproved the active interference of France and England, which placed Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in security on the throne of Belgium. In the East, the intervention of Russia arrested the progress of Mehemet Ali towards Constantinople, and led to the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. Thenceforward Lord Palmerston was inspired by a jealous suspicion of all that Russia had done and was doing, and gradually drifted into the policy of hostility which was ultimately consummated in the Crimean war.

To Madame de Lieven Lord Palmerston's policy came as a cruel surprise. He was the Minister of her own selection, who owed his position at the Foreign Office, as she thought, to her own recommendation. In 1830 she had considered him "perfect in every way;" in 1832 she described him as "a poor small-minded creature, wounded in his vanity, who wants a great warlike demonstration behind which he hopes to conceal his blunders." In 1833 she confessed to hating him, and she had fresh cause for her hatred. For Lord Palmerston had selected Sir Stratford Canning as Lord Heytesbury's successor at St. Petersburg, and had insisted on his appointment, though Madame de Lieven had assured him that he was not a *persona grata* to the Emperor Nicholas. Madame de Lieven appealed to Lord Grey. But the Prime Minister, whom she described about this time "as such a thorough old woman that it is scarcely worth while mentioning him," declined to interfere. In the negotiations which attended this unfor-

tunate appointment Madame de Lieven undoubtedly showed less tact than temper. But her interference, which irritated Lord Palmerston, in no way condones that Minister's conduct. There is, happily, hardly another instance in history in which an Ambassador has been appointed to a foreign Court against the known wishes of its sovereign; and diplomacy would become impossible if the course which Lord Palmerston pursued in this matter was ordinarily followed.

The appointment was the more unfortunate because it led to a breach in our diplomatic relations with Russia. The Emperor refused to receive Sir Stratford, and the British Ministry did not venture to send him to St. Petersburg. The Embassy remained vacant, and in the following year the De Lievens were recalled from London. Possibly Count Nesselrode may have thought that their influence at the Court of St. James's was no longer useful. There are some grounds for presuming that, even during the Duke of Wellington's Administration, he had thought Madame de Lieven too ready to break from the men, on whom she was mainly dependent for the information which she was instrumental in procuring. After Lord Grey's accession to office he must have been disappointed to find that the Prime Minister, who was so near her heart, and the Foreign Secretary, of her own choosing, were drifting into a policy of pronounced antagonism to Russia. He may, therefore, have thought it prudent to terminate, at any rate for a time, her husband's mission. She, indeed, herself attributed her recall to Lord Palmerston. A few months after her arrival in Russia she wrote to Lord Aberdeen, in one of the unpublished letters which have been opened to us by the courtesy of Lord Stanmore:

Il m'est prouvé depuis mon arrivé en

Russie que c'est à Lord Palmerston que je dois d'avoir quitté, pour toujours peut-être, cette Angleterre que j'aime tant. M. de Talleyrand me disait un jour, "Il dépendra toujours d'un Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, quelque médiocre qu'il soit, de chasser un ambassadeur," et voilà ce qu'il a voulu, et ce qui est arrivé.

The Emperor Nicholas did his best to gild the pill which the De Lievens had to swallow. The husband was placed in charge of the Czarevitch; the wife was made Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress. But the splendor of the Russian Court could not reconcile Madame de Lieven to the tedium of Russian society or the severity of a Russian climate. Her health broke down; the death of two of her sons increased her disinclination to remain in St. Petersburg; and in the summer of 1835 she fled to Berlin, to Baden-Baden, and to Paris.

It is not perhaps necessary to examine too closely the reasons which induced her to leave Russia. Her own health necessitated her doing so; and the rumors which were whispered about her flight, and to which M. Daudet refers, need not be repeated in these pages. It seems certain, however, that the Emperor, for some reason, resented her going. She herself said that he would never forgive her; and, in her later correspondence, there is none of the enthusiasm for Russia and the Emperor that breathes through her earlier letters. The Emperor, indeed, displayed his annoyance at her absence in a manner which was hardly worthy of him. He refused her husband leave to go and see her. He persuaded M. de Lieven to show his disapproval of her residence in Paris, and even to threaten to deprive her of the means of living out of Russia. Incredible as it may seem, he did not permit her husband to announce to her the death of a third son, which she

only learned through a letter addressed to him being returned to her through the post with the word "dead" written on the envelope.¹⁰ Though he received her surviving sons he never mentioned their mother's name to them. He treated her as though she were dead. These allusions will perhaps explain her cry of anguish to M. Guizot: "Je frémis-sais d'avance en songeant de l'avenir de mes enfans. Quel pays! quel maître! quel père! hélas!" or her equally bitter saying to Lord Grey, "You, at any rate, do not ask the Emperor Nicholas if you may dare to love me, and whether you may dare to tell me so."

The years, in fact, from 1835 to 1839—the year when her husband died—were the unhappiest in Madame de Lieven's life. She said of herself in 1835 that "she was nothing but a waif in the world." She added in 1836, "Condemned, as I am condemned, by our terrible climate to live exiled from my native land, separated from my husband, and forbidden by a thousand social reasons to go and live in the country that I love best of all in the world after my own, my lot is, indeed, a sad one." She had, however, already formed a *salon* at Paris, which all the foremost men in France were in the habit of frequenting. She was still continuing her correspondence with Lord Grey. She had of late commenced a new correspondence with Lord Aberdeen; and she was on the eve of forming relations of the closest intimacy with M. Guizot, which were destined to bring her, in her old age, an enduring happiness, which she had, perhaps, never previously known.

In former days she had conceived a poor opinion of Lord Aberdeen. She

had regarded him as "a wretched Minister" and "a poor diplomatist"; and though, as far back as 1829, she had become great friends with him during a visit to Tunbridge Wells, and had received from him many confidences, she told her brother at that time that his thoughts were "mean and cowardly." Possibly her increasing dislike of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy drew her more closely to his predecessor at the Foreign Office; at any rate in the autumn of 1832 she commenced the correspondence with him which continued for many years. For some time these letters have only the interest which attaches to the communications of a lady who was exceptionally well informed and deeply interested in the foreign policy of the world. But from Lord Aberdeen's accession to office in 1841 they have a higher importance. For Madame de Lieven had then become the chosen friend of M. Guizot, and, in consequence, she had excellent opportunities of cementing the *entente cordiale* between her two friends, whom she regarded as "la personification de la paix, de l'honneur, de la bonne foi politique dans leur acceptation la plus large." In that anxious moment, when the peace of the world was threatened by an obscure quarrel between French and English in the Sandwich Islands, she labored, to the utmost of her power, to prevent war. Her intimacy with M. Guizot enabled her to place before Lord Aberdeen the exact views of the Government of France. She repeated to him all that M. Guizot had said in his praise; she made M. Guizot read and reread Lord Aberdeen's warm appreciation of his policy; and in this way she played a prominent part in effecting and pre-

¹⁰ This son, it is fair to say, had incurred his father's displeasure, and died in America ("Correspondence with Lord Grey," see vol. i. p. xviii.). But the husband knew of his boy's death four months before Madame de Lieven heard of it. "To me, the boy's mother, he does not write be-

cause I am out of favor at Court. Russia is, indeed, a horrible country, when a man must thus abdicate all natural sentiments, and shrink from fulfilling the most common and sacred duties of life." (Ibid. vol. iii. p. 282.)

serving the good understanding between France and England which these two Ministers established, and which has always seemed to us one of the happiest features in the foreign policy of the nineteenth century.

Her great intimacy with M. Guizot commenced in 1837. After dinner with the Countess of Boigne at Châtenay they rambled together into the park, "et là, seul à seul, ils se sont confessés; l'un à l'autre, la tristesse dont leur âme est pleine;" and M. Guizot,

touché par ces accens, remué jusqu'aux entrailles par la pensée d'une âme à consoler, à relever, à guérir, a pris l'engagement qu'à peu de temps de là il lui rappellera en ces termes, "Soyez-vous que la première parole qui nous a vraiment unis, c'est: Vous ne serez plus seule."

In the happiness of her new friendship Madame de Lieven definitely abandoned all idea of leaving Paris. "Elle s'y fixera, uniquement préoccupé d'arranger sa vie pour Guizot." When he was in Paris M. Guizot called on her twice every day; when he was absent from her he never passed a day without writing to her.

Il est l'unique joie de sa vie, sa lumière et sa conscience. Elle n'a plus que lui. Il est le seul à qui elle se soit révélée telle qu'elle est, le seul qui la connaisse, le seul à qui elle dit tout, et le seul aussi dont la parole ait assez d'efficacité pour apporter quelque soulagement aux épreuves et aux soucis dont le fardeau l'accable.

It may be asked why, after the death of her husband in 1839, this touching friendship did not lead to marriage. M. Guizot himself supplied the answer in writing to Lord Aberdeen immediately after her death:

"Mr. Robinson says this note ran, "Je vous remercie pour vingt années d'affection et de bonheur." Mr. Greville quotes it, "Merci pour vingt années d'amitié et de bonheur." M. Daudet renders it, "Je vous remercie des vingt années

Il me revient que quelques personnes, en Angleterre comme en France, croient et disent que nous étions mariés en secret. Si ce propos là vous arrive, je vous prie de le démentir absolument. Rien de secret ne nous eût convenu, ni à l'un, ni à l'autre. De plus, je n'aurais jamais épousé personne sans lui donner mon nom, et elle tenait au sien. Nous avions raison tous deux.

In the same letter from which this extract is taken M. Guizot gave to Lord Aberdeen an account of her death.

A l'approche du moment suprême, elle a voulu que nous sortissions de sa chambre. "Je veux dormir," m'a-t-elle dit. Deux heures après elle n'était plus, et son fils Paul me remettait, de sa part, une lettre écrite au crayon, la veille au soir, d'une main ferme, cachetée par elle-même, et pleine d'affection¹¹ —les dernières lignes qu'elle ait écrites.

We have in the last few pages travelled far beyond the text of this article; but, before we finally conclude it, we must endeavor, however imperfectly, to sum up the character of the remarkable woman on whose letters it is based. In her life many hard things were said of her. She was a spy; she was guilty of intrigue; she abused the advantages of her position to betray or to embarrass the men to whom she was mainly indebted for the information which it was her chief business to procure. And no doubt there is some foundation for all these charges. Madame de Lieven did actively interfere in English politics in a manner which, to say the least, is unusual in ladies of foreign birth. But then it is fair to recollect that, if her conduct was unusual, her position was unique. For all practical purposes she was Russian Ambadress in England; and the fair

d'affection et de bonheur. Adieu, adieu! Ne m'oubliez pas. Ne refusez pas ma voiture de soir." The concluding words were explained by a clause in her will in which she left him 8,000 francs a year to enable him to keep his carriage.

way of judging her conduct is to consider whether she did more than an exceptionally able ambassador would be justified in doing. Tried in this way we are not disposed to condemn her.

Her leading characteristic was her intense admiration of her own country, and, till 1834, of its ruling dynasty. She was, as she said herself, Russian to the core; and though she could not reconcile herself to the dulness of a Russian court or the severity of a Russian climate her ambitions and her aspirations were all for Russia and its rulers. She judged the statesmen with whom she was thrown into contact by their policy towards Russia. She had no patience with those men who were opposed to the development of the Russian Empire. She never measured her words in denouncing their policy. We do not for one moment believe that in her heart Madame de Lieven thought the Duke of Wellington cowardly in 1828, still less that she considered Lord Grey an old woman in 1833. These phrases are merely her strong way of expressing her disapproval of their opinions.

No other woman who ever lived was the intimate confidant of so many men of first-rate eminence. She inspired Lord Grey with a passion which makes one smile. In the last twenty years of her life she was bound to M. Guizot by ties of the tenderest attachment, and these were only two of the many men of mark who hovered round the candle and were singed by the flame. We are far from endorsing all the scandal which was at one time busy with her name. She probably herself indeed held rather elastic views in an elastic age on certain subjects. She, at any rate, told William IV. that the Emperor Nicholas was given to gallantry, and that the Empress was not jealous because the Emperor always made her his confidante—a saying which recalls the relations of George

II. with Queen Caroline. But we cannot suppose that the affectionate phrases which she used herself or which she inspired in others necessarily implied any irregular attachment. As we said some years ago in reviewing her correspondence with Lord Grey, "It would be absurd to attribute what is called gallantry to these effusions between an elderly gentleman of sixty and a lady of forty whose personal charms were the least of her attractions."

Her influence was very great. It is amazing to think, but it is apparently certain, that Lord Palmerston was made Foreign Minister at her suggestion. It is equally amazing to know that the Speech from the Throne in 1831 was modified on her remonstrance. The amendment made in the Speech—the substitution of the word "contest" for the word "war" in reference to the Polish Rebellion—was no doubt innocuous. But the surprising fact is that the wife of the Russian Ambassador should have been allowed the opportunity of seeing the Speech before it was delivered. She, at any rate, is not to blame in this matter. If censure is to be applied to anyone, it must fall on Lord Grey and not on Madame de Lieven. But we own, we confess, to a feeling which we have derived from perusing the correspondence that, if Prime Ministers will imitate other men, and lose their hearts, they had better, both for the sake of themselves and their country, avoid the charms of the wives of foreign ambassadors.

If her influence was great, it was, on the whole, wisely and beneficially employed. No Russian can deny that she strove from first to last to promote the interests of her own country. She may have been occasionally mistaken in her methods, but she was always constant in her aims. No fair Englishman will refuse to acknowledge that

she labored to promote and to maintain a good understanding between Russia and this country in the earlier part of her life, and that she was instrumental in promoting the *entente cordiale* between France and England towards the close of it. In this way she rendered a real service to the world; and it is humiliating to think that British public men endeavored to repay it by preventing her return to Paris after the Crimean War. Lord Palmerston might have had the generosity to reflect that, however much she might have opposed his policy, he owed his first appointment to the Foreign Office to her influence, and, if this consideration had not sufficed, he might surely have said, as the Duke of Wellington had said in 1828: "I am too great to make her my victim."²²

In her life she had her full share of sorrow and disappointment. She had the misfortune to lose three of her sons. She had the disappointment to see her country defeated by France and England, and she had also the mortification to reflect that her own views of men had almost always been modified as time went on. Then men in whom she put her chief faith, like Prince Metternich and Lord Palmerston, lived to pursue a policy which she abhorred. The man whom she had despised—Lord Aberdeen—she came to regard as the wisest and best of English statesmen. Even the Crimean War did not dissolve this friendship. "Mauvaise année!" so she wrote to him early in 1855, "que j'essaye vainement

The Edinburgh Review.

de vous souhaiter bonne. C'est un souhait bien personnel, et qui s'arrête devant les choses auxquelles vous touchez. Ah, mon Dieu! en être venu là entre nous, avec vous gouvernant l'Angleterre. . . . Adieu, mon très cher Lord Aberdeen, mon cher ennemi, mon cher ami. Toute à vous." For two men alone—Lord Grey and M. Guizot—she retained an unbroken friendship. The first gave her twenty years of affectionate correspondence; the second brought her twenty years of happiness and love.

Such was Madame de Lieven. With the intellect of a man, and the sensibilities of a woman, she exerted her sway over monarchs and statesmen, and obtained, through their means, an influence which few women have enjoyed. That she had great faults—faults of judgment and temper—few even of her admirers would have denied. That she had great virtues of heart and head few even of her critics should forget. It is not perhaps for the interest of the human family that any of her successors should walk in her footsteps and follow her example. But perhaps some of our readers may feel fresh interest in receiving the gentleman who has just been appointed to represent the Russian Empire at the Court of St. James by recollecting that he bears the maiden name, and is, we understand, the near relative of the lady who played so great a part in the society and politics of London in the reign of George IV.

²² The exact saying was, "Je suis trop grand pour faire de ces gueux (mon mari et moi) mes victimes." But we are not concerned with the

Duke's not very gallant words, but with his action in refusing to demand her husband's recall.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

"One of the chief topics in social and political circles here," wrote the Gradaden correspondent of the *London Hour* one day in the late autumn, "is the return, and reconciliation to the Emperor, of a political exile of very high rank, who was supposed to have died abroad some years ago. The particulars of the affair are involved in mystery; but as the personage in question is now staying at the palace, there can be no doubt as to the fact. There must have been many obstacles in the way, of which the Emperor's high standard of personal honor was not the least. It is generally considered that the Imperial Chancellor had some share in the matter, as the result cannot fail to have a certain influence upon his work of consolidation. It is freely said, indeed, that the situation in Lusia will be largely affected for good by this unexpected development."

Many English readers noticed this paragraph with interest and curiosity, but only one or two with complete understanding. Mr. MacArthur read it while at breakfast in his villa at Highbury, but did not dream that it had even the remotest connection with his business affairs. He could not guess that the moment had come for the issue of a new edition of a certain small volume, with that paragraph as an advertisement; or that the small book in question was the story of a Failure told, not by the Failure's secretary, but by himself, in a time of extreme bitterness and despair; further, that the writer was no everyday penman, but a prince connected with an Imperial House, and that House one of the oldest in Europe. Mr. MacArthur had no idea of all this, and there was no

one at hand to tell him; so the moment fled, and one more striking opportunity passed into the limbo of might-have-been.

Hadfield read the paragraph in the office at Welding, and was one of those who understood it perfectly. He took the paper home with him, and on the way purchased a trifling article at his stationer's.

Mrs. Hadfield was somewhat disappointed with the remarks in the *Hour*. "It's all there, of course; but it doesn't seem to be," she said.

"Well, no," agreed Hadfield. "But, you see, it's a very different thing to them. We have lived next-door to the Prince, and have known His Highness for months."

In speaking of their late neighbor, the Hadfields generally made the best of his titles. They had even used "Royal Highness" until some well-informed person had hinted that it contained a word too many. "The Prince," however, was good enough, and "His Highness" was equally satisfactory. These were varied by "Prince Adrian," which had an aroma perfectly fascinating.

"Did you bring the notice?" asked Mrs. Hadfield.

"Yes," replied her husband promptly; and he took out the trifling article which he had obtained at the stationer's. It was a small sheet containing the legend, "This House to Let." Sitting down at the table, he wrote at the foot of the paper, with pardonable pride, "Apply to the landlord, next door."

"We'll go," he said when this was done, "and put it up now."

So he took a key from the sideboard, and they went together to the house which had been the home of Mr. Barrows for some nine or ten years. The

door gave out a hollow sound when the key was placed in the lock, and when they entered the hall their steps called desolate echoes from the swept and empty chambers. Before attending to the purpose of their visit, they made a survey of the whole house, not for the first nor yet for the twentieth time since by Prince Adrian's gift they had become its owners. All was empty, for the contents, except those few things which the Prince had wished to have and those which Hadfield had selected as mementos, had been sold. The furniture had gone in various directions, and the books and papers had been packed away to Graaden. There was nothing to show what kind of tenant the last had been, or to suggest the curious secret which the walls had sheltered during those long days.

After much consideration, the Hadfields had decided that it would be better to let the house, and to have a nice little sum coming in every month, than to live in it themselves; so now, when they had walked through it once more, they placed in one of the windows the notice they had brought. It was in the window of the front room that they placed it—the room in which Mr. Barrows had sat so often during the hours of his last struggle. Perhaps it was the fittest thing in the world that they should have placed it there; for that notice was the *Finis* to the book of one obscure life, and it was in that room that Mr. Barrows had won through to write that word, and to begin a new story in another and a higher place.

So those good people set the notice up; and then they returned to have their quiet tea, at which they discussed their great experience once more, and rejoiced in the things it had left them. Those things were more than a good house and certain articles of furniture; for there was also a romance which their lives would never

see the fellow to, and a story which, however long they lived, would never lose flavor in the telling. So they had good reason to be content.

That was in the evening of a day in October. It was on the morning of the same day that Prince Adrian received a visitor.

In the period of early autumn he became convalescent, the serious illness which had fallen upon him as a result of mental strain having given way before tireless care and nursing. He spent the brighter hours in the palace gardens, and to-day the sun shone pleasantly. It happened that this morning a curious fancy had come to him.

"Help me to the summer-house on the south side," he said. "I will sit there a little while."

An attendant supported his steps to the place he named. It was the room in which a Mr. Barrows had had an interview with the Emperor. The man drew a chair towards him.

"No," he said quickly; "not that one." For it was the one in which the Emperor had sat. "Bring the other; and bring it here, to the door."

This was done, and he sat down. "You can leave me now for an hour," he said.

The servant obeyed, and left him alone, looking out upon the gardens. They were not so brilliant as they had been on the day he remembered, but otherwise the scene was the same. Then he had been in the throes of his trial, standing with its sweat upon his brow; now the trial was over, and it was judged that he had conquered.

Yet what had the conquest brought him? It had brought, first, a great weakness and weariness; then had come the peace he had won, the rest of knowing that an old wound had been healed, and an old wrong righted as far as it was in mortal power to right it. These were of unspeakable value; yet in the days of convalescence

other and less pleasant thoughts had begun to crowd upon him.

There was a sense of great loneliness. His sacrifice had been a voluntary one; but he had never dreamed of this result. Now he found himself forcibly brought back to the place which he had regarded as lost to him for ever; and he found an interval as of a whole lifetime between the present of this existence and its nearest past. He was beginning life again, and it was naturally a somewhat difficult beginning.

This feeling weighed upon him now, as he sat with his face to the sun and garden; and he thought of the little semi-detached villa at Welding, and of that other garden where he had spent so many quiet days. In that house, dead to his old world and its failures and errors, he had commenced a new life under the name of the one man who had been faithful through all. There, in the first months of his voluntary burial, he had written his own story, placing the old life at the bar and condemning it utterly and bitterly. He thought now that he had possibly been too severe upon himself, and had judged too harshly the first failure of an unformed character set before too great a task. It might be so.

Then in that garden—that long, narrow garden of which he knew each inch by heart—he had learned to forget. By this time it was probably a tangled wilderness; yet would it not have been best to let him go back and spend the balance of his time in the place that knew him? The old quiet and peace would still be there, and he could take up the threads at the place where he had dropped them. Nay, the peace would be so much greater for the knowledge that he had stepped back into the past to make some atonement, and had even been granted success.

So he meditated in his despondency, little guessing, even at this late hour,

what was the one thing that could make all ways smooth. But Fortune holds in her care the balm for every human need; and if Our Lady of Destiny loves a good situation, it is quite as certain that she loves to see a player play his part to the uttermost upon the stage where she has placed him. When she has found such a one she sometimes gives with both hands freely.

Presently he heard the sound of a door being opened. He could not see from where he sat, but knew that it was the door which communicated with the Chancellor's grounds. A moment later he heard footsteps on one of the paths.

He listened with curiosity, for unless he was mistaken they were the footsteps of a woman. Directly afterwards the walker came into view, crossing at the end of a path on her way towards the palace. She seemed, however, to be looking for some one, for she paused at the turning to glance in each direction before moving on. She looked the other way first, so that he had a little time in which to mark the graceful form, the movement, the sheen of dark hair in the sunlight, the well-remembered profile. Then she turned suddenly, looked, and saw him.

When she turned, he found that his heart must have recognized her steps even at a distance, for it was beating tumultuously. After a moment of surprise or indecision, she came up the path towards the summer-house.

Again at the threshold she paused. There was a constraint upon both of them.

"Won't you come in?" he asked, "and sit down with me?"

She obeyed at once, and took a chair. It was the Emperor's chair; but he did not notice now. Then she explained.

"We came to Baron Quinzell to ask after you, and he told us that you would be here. But he said that you

must not see both of us at the same time, so he sent me alone."

The Prince nodded. "That was good of Quinzell. I am glad that you found me so soon." And he wondered why the all-thoughtful Chancellor had chosen to send the daughter. Was it because she belonged to a new generation, one to which the first Prince Adrian was a mere tradition?

He had feared a meeting of this kind, for in spite of recent events he could not forget what these women had suffered through his connection with Count Mathias. Now the meeting had come suddenly, and he would learn what their feeling was. It was best to learn it first from the girl, who had suffered the least. Perhaps Quinzell had thought of that.

"I am glad that you have found me so soon," he repeated. "But now that you have found me, what do you think of me?"

He wondered at his own agitation as he asked the question. She appeared to know that there was something behind the jesting tone in which it came. So she answered with deliberation, smiling, but pale.

"It would be impossible," she said, "to say what we think of you."

He noticed the "we." "Is it good," he asked, "or ill?"

"It is good. How should it be otherwise?"

With that she looked into his face for the first time. Then he began to understand his own agitation. This came not as a new emotion, but as a perfect comprehension of what he had felt before. It was several moments before he could proceed, and when he did speak his half-jesting tone was gone.

"But have you heard the whole story? And do you know that I am only here at all by a mere chance, that my life is the gift of an enemy?"

A brief silence followed the ques-

tions. "No," she replied slowly. "I do not know that. I have heard the whole story; but I do not know that. Nor does any one else think it."

A flush rose to her brows, and she spoke with an effort, but with resolve. It was as though the words must needs be uttered.

"I think, and know, that it was like this: He—the enemy you speak of—thought he was dealing with a man he had known long ago, a weak man and one he could trample upon. He thought that he could even kill him, for it all seemed easy and plain. But when you resolved to meet him you were not the man he had known, but one quite different, one whom pity had made strong. You were a Prince of Styria, one greater than he, and nobler. At the last he began to feel this—that he was opposed, not to an unknown Englishman, or a coward, but to another man altogether. He could not understand it, and so he gave way, afraid; but it was not his mercy that saved you, but your own nobleness. That is what I think—and what I know."

The Prince felt that his every pulse was throbbing violently. It was not what she said, but the glimpse which her words gave him of her thoughts as regarded himself. Conviction came to him suddenly, and as it came his whole views of the world were changed. New life ran in his veins; bright visions of life, of work, of happiness, rose before him. Loneliness—why, there need be no loneliness!

It was only for a little while; then the flood ebbed. He was old, or, at least, past the meridian of life. He had just made an absurd mistake. What he thought he had seen in her was all on his own side, not on hers—it could not be. It had called him back to life, to honor, to sacrifice, as love often calls a man. It had saved him and restored him. He saw it

clearly now. But that must be the end.

"So," he said quietly, "you think it was pity that made a prince of me? Pity is very powerful."

She made no answer. In the disillusionment of the minute he became bitter again. Gazing away down the path, he saw, some little distance off, a beautiful rose-bush just bursting into bloom. He drew her attention to it.

"Look at that," he said. "It is coming into bloom just as the frosts are approaching to destroy it. It is a foolish thing that flowers so late in the year. Yet it is an emblem of many other things that come too late."

Naturally she failed to take his meaning upon the instant, quick though her instincts were; and, while they sat in silence for a moment, they heard a sound of footsteps.

"It is my servant," he said. "I told him to be back in an hour. It has been a short hour."

She rose. "I fear that I have been here too long," she said. "Baron Quinzell said only a little while. I think I must go."

It was just as well that she should go, he decided. Yet even then the longing came back upon him with new force, coupled with a fierce resentment against all that stood between.

"Will you come again?" he asked suddenly.

"To-morrow," she replied, "we go down to Cronia."

Then she gave him her hand, once more looking him in the face. Probably there was more in his face than he knew, and perhaps she saw there

that the old mood had fallen upon him, the old diffidence and self-distrust. When she saw that, she also saw the meaning of his reference to the things in life that came too late.

She went down the path towards the door by which she had entered the garden. It happened that as she went she had to pass the rose-bush which had suggested his bitter parable; and she went slowly, thinking, I believe, of those words and the hopelessness of his tone. So as her eyes fell upon the roses a great thought came to her. For the Prince, watching her going, saw that she paused, full in his sight, beside the bush. She plucked one of the blossoms, and fastened it in her bosom. Then she appeared to notice that he saw her, for she hastened to escape from his view.

At once he understood. His heart thundered, his visions returned, and he saw that from the beginning everything had been drawing to this end. There was nothing in the way, after all; he was not old, and his love was youthful. In a flash of memory and revelation he saw that Quinzell—the omniscient Quinzell—the friend of his boyhood, had read him from the first, and had guessed the power which had brought him back from the dead. And it was Quinzell that had sent her here to-day!

He signed to the approaching servant. "Go," he cried hoarsely; "call her back."

The man flew. She had just reached the door when he overtook her and delivered his message. And she turned back.

THE BEGINNING OF TOYNBEE HALL.

A REMINISCENCE.

"How did the idea of a University Settlement arise?" "What was the beginning?" are questions so often asked by Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, or the younger generation of earnest English people, that it seems worth while to reply in print, and to turn one's mind back to those early days of effort and loneliness before so many bore the burden and shared the anxiety. The fear is that in putting pen to paper on matters which are so closely bound up with our own lives, the sin of egotism will be committed, or that a social plant, which is still growing, may be damaged, as even weeds are if their roots are looked at. And yet in the tale which has to be told there is so much that is gladdening and strengthening to those who are fighting apparently forlorn causes that I venture to tell it in the belief that to some our experiences will give hope.

In the year 1869, Mr. Edward Denison took up his abode in East London. He did not stay long nor accomplish much, but as he breathed the air of the people he absorbed something of their sufferings, saw things from their standpoint, and, as his letters in his memoirs show, made pregnant suggestions for social remedies. He was the first settler, and was followed by the late Mr. Edmund Hollond, to whom my husband and I owe our life in Whitechapel. He was ever on the look-out for men and women who cared for the people, and hearing that we wished to come eastward, wrote to Dr. Jackson, then Bishop of London, when the living of St. Jude's fell vacant in the autumn of 1872, and asked that it might be offered to Mr. Barnett, who was at that time working

as curate at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, with Mr. Fremantle, now the Dean of Ripon. I have the Bishop's letter, wise, kind, and fatherly, the letter of a general sending a young captain to a difficult outpost. "Do not hurry in your decision," he wrote; "it is the worst parish in my diocese, inhabited mainly by a criminal population, and one which has, I fear, been much corrupted by doles."

How well I remember the day Mr. Barnett and I first came to see it!—a sulky sort of drizzle filled the atmosphere; the streets, dirty and ill-kept, were crowded with vicious and bedraggled people, neglected children, and overdriven cattle. The whole parish was a network of courts and alleys, many houses being let out in single furnished rooms for 8d. a night—a bad system, which lent itself to every form of evil, to thriftless habits, to untidiness, to loss of self-respect, to unruly living, to vicious courses.

We did not "hurry in our decision," but just before Christmas, 1872, Mr. Barnett became vicar. A month later we were married, and took up our lives' work on the 6th of March, 1873, accompanied by our friend Edward Leonard, who joined us "to do what he could"; his "could" being ultimately the establishment of the Whitechapel committee of the Charity Organization Society, and a change in the lives and ideals of a large number of young people, whom he gathered round him to hear of the Christ he worshipped.

It would sound like exaggeration if I told my memories of those times. The previous vicar had had a long and disabling illness, and all was out of order. The church, unserved either by

curate, choir, or officials, was empty, dirty, unwarmed. Once the platform of popular preachers, Mr. Hugh Allen and Mr. (now Bishop) Thornton, it had had huge galleries built to accommodate the crowds who came from all parts of London to hear them—galleries which blocked the light, and made the subsequent emptiness additionally oppressive. The schools were closed, the school-rooms all but devoid of furniture, the parish organization *nil*; no mothers' meeting, no Sunday school, no communicants' class, no library, no guilds, no music, no classes, nothing alive. Around this barren, empty shell surged the people, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Thieves and worse, receivers of stolen goods, hawkers, casual dock laborers, every sort of unskilled low-class cadger congregated in the parish. There was an Irish quarter and a Jew quarter, while whole streets were given over to the hangers-on of a vicious population, people whose conduct was brutal, whose ideal was idleness, whose habits were disgusting, and among whom goodness was laughed at, the honest man and the right-living woman being scorned as unpractical. Robberies, assaults, and fights in the streets were frequent; and to me, a born coward, it grew into a matter of distress when we became sufficiently well known in the parish for our presence to step, or at least to moderate, a fight; for then it seemed a duty to join the crowd, and not to follow one's nervous instincts and pass by on the other side. I recall one breakfast being disturbed by three fights outside the Vicarage. We each went to one, and the third was hindered by a hawker friend who had turned verger, and who fetched the distant policeman, though he evidently remained doubtful as to the value of interference.

We began our work very quietly and simply: opened the church (the first congregation was made up of six or

seven old women, all expecting doles for coming), restarted the schools, began Bible Classes, established relief committees, organized parish machinery, and tried to cauterize, if not to cure, the deep cancer of dependence which was embedded in all our parishioners alike, lowering the best among them and degrading the worst. At all hours, on all days, and with every possible pretext, the people came and begged. To them we were nothing but the source from which to obtain tickets, money, or food; and so confident were they that help would be forthcoming that they would allow themselves to get into circumstances of suffering or distress easily foreseen, and then send round to *demand* assistance.

I can still recall my emotions when summoned to a sick woman in Castle Alley, an alley long since pulled down, where the houses, three storeys high, were hardly six feet apart; the sanitary accommodation pits in the cellars; and the whole place only fit for the condemnation it got directly Cross's Act was passed. This Alley, by the way, was in part the cause of Cross's Act, so great an impression did it make on Lord Cross, then Sir Richard Cross, when Mr. Barnett induced him to come down and see it one hot summer's day.

In this stinking alley, in a tiny, dirty room, all the windows broken and stuffed up, lay the woman who had sent for me. There were no bed-clothes; she lay on a sacking covered with rags.

"I do not know you," said I, "but I hear you want to see me."

"No, ma'am!" replied a fat, beer-sodden woman by the side of the bed, producing a wee, new-born baby; "we don't know yer, but 'ere's the babby, and in course she wants clothes and the mother comforts like. So we jist sent round to the church."

This was a compliment to the organization which represented Christ,

but one which showed how sunken was the character which could not make even the simplest provision for an event which must have been expected for months, and which even the poorest among the respectable counts sacred.

The refusal of the demanded doles made the people very angry. Once the Vicarage windows were broken; once we were stoned by an angry crowd, who also hurled curses at us as we walked down a criminal-haunted street, and howled out, as a climax of their wrongs, "And it's us as pays 'em." But we lived all this down, and as the years went by, reaped a harvest of love and gratitude which is one of the gladdest possessions of our lives, and is quite disproportionate to the service we have rendered. But that is the end of the story, and I must go back to the beginning.

In a parish, which occupies only 109,500 square yards and was inhabited by 8,000 persons, we were confronted by some of the hardest problems of city life. The housing of the people, the superfluity of unskilled labor, the enforcement of resented education, the liberty of the criminal classes to congregate and create a low public opinion, the administration of the Poor Law, the amusements of the ignorant, the hindrances to local government (in a neighborhood devoid of the leisured and cultured), the difficulty of uniting the unskilled men and women in trade unions, the necessity for stricter Factory Acts, the joylessness of the masses, the hopelessness of the young—all represented difficult problems, each waiting for a solution and made more complicated by the apathy of the poor, who were content with an unrighteous contentment, and patient with a Godless patience. These were not the questions to be replied to by doles, nor could the problems be solved by kind acts to individuals, nor

by the healing of the suffering, which was but the symptom of the disease.

In those days these difficulties were being dealt with mainly by good kind women, generally elderly; few men, with the exception of the clergy and noted philanthropists, such as Lord Shaftesbury, were interested in the welfare of the poor, and economists rarely joined close experience with their theories.

"If men, cultivated, young, thinking men, could only know of those things they would be altered," I used to say, with girlish faith in human good-will—a faith which years has not shaken; and in the spring of 1875 we went to Oxford, partly to tell about the poor, partly to enjoy "eights week" with a group of young friends. Our party was planned by Miss Toynbee, whom I had met when at school, and whose brother Arnold was then an undergraduate at Balliol. Our days were filled by the hospitality with which Oxford still rejoices its guests; but in the evenings we used to drop quietly down the river with two or three earnest men, or sit long and late in our lodgings in the Turl, and discuss the mighty problems of poverty and the people. How vividly Canon Barnett and I can recall each and all of that first group of "thinking men," so ready to take up enthusiasms in their boyish strength—Arnold Toynbee, Arthur Hoare, Leonard Montefiore, Alfred Milner, Philip Gell, John Falk, G. E. Underhill, Ralph Whitehead, Lewis Nettleship! Some of these are still here and caring for the people, but others have passed behind the veil, where perhaps earth's sufferings are explicable.

We used to ask each undergraduate as he developed interest to come and stay in Whitechapel, and see for himself. And they came, some to spend a few weeks, some for the long vacation, while others, as they left the University and began their life's work,

took lodgings in East London, and felt all the fascination of its strong pulse of life, hearing, as those who listen always may, the hushed unceasing moans underlying the cry which ever and anon makes itself heard by an unheeding public.

From that visit to Oxford in the "eights week" of 1875 date many visits to both the Universities. Rarely a term passed without our going to Oxford, where the men who had been down to East London introduced us to others who might do as they had done. Sometimes we stayed with Dr. Jowett, the immortal Master of Balliol, sometimes we were the guests of the undergraduates, who would get up meetings in their rooms, and arrange innumerable breakfasts, teas, river excursions, and other opportunities for introducing the subject of the duty of the cultured to the poor and degraded.

No organization was started, no committee, society, nor club founded. We met men, told them of the needs of the out-of-sight poor; many came to see Whitechapel and stayed to help it. And so eight years went by—our Oxford friends laughingly terming my husband the "unpaid professor of social philosophy."

.....

In June 1883 we were told by Mr. Moore Smith that some men at St. John's College at Cambridge were wishful to do something for the poor, but that they were not quite prepared to start an ordinary College Mission. Mr. Barnett was asked to suggest some other possible and more excellent way. The letter came as we were leaving for Oxford, and was slipped with others in my husband's pocket. Soon something went wrong with the engine and delayed the train so long that the passengers were allowed to get out. We seated ourselves on the railway bank, just then glorified by

masses of large ox-eyed daisies, and there he wrote a letter suggesting that men might hire a house, where they could come for short or long periods, and, living in an industrial quarter, learn to "sup sorrow with the poor." The letter pointed out that close personal knowledge of individuals among the poor must precede wise legislation for remedying their needs, and that as English local government was based on the assumption of a leisured cultivated class, it was necessary to provide it artificially in those regions where the line of leisure was drawn just above sleeping hours, and where the education ended at thirteen years of age and with the three R's.

That letter founded Toynbee Hall. Insomnia had sapped my health for a long time, and later, in the autumn of that year, we were sent to Eaux Bonnes for me to try a water cure. During that period the Cambridge letter was expanded into a paper, which my husband read at a College meeting at St. John's College, Oxford, in November of the same year, where, to quote the Bishop of Stepney's words, "there were present a number of men who have since become well known. Mr. Arthur Acland, Mr. Michael Sadler, Mr. Anthony Hawkins, better known as 'Anthony Hope,' Mr. Spender of the *Westminster Gazette*, and myself." Mr. Arthur Sidgwick was also present, and it is largely due to his practical vigor that the idea of University Settlements in the industrial working-class quarters of large towns fell not only on sympathetic ears, but was guided until it came to fruition. Soon after the meeting, a small but earnest committee was formed; later it grew in size and importance, money was obtained on debenture bonds, and a head sought who would turn the idea into a fact. Here was the difficulty. Such men as had been pictured in the paper which Mr. Knowles had published in this Re-

view of February, 1884,¹ are not met with every day; and no inquiries seemed to discover the wanted man, who would be called upon to give all and expect nothing.

Mr. Barnett and I had spent eleven years of life and work in Whitechapel. We were weary. My health stores were limited and often exhausted, and family circumstances had given us larger means and opportunities for travel. We were therefore desirous to turn our backs on the strain, the pain, the passion, and the poverty of East London, at least for a year or two, and take repose after work which had both aged and weakened us. But no other man was to be found who would and could do the work; and, if this child-thought was not to die, it looked as if we must undertake to try to rear it.

We went to the Mediterranean to consider the matter, and solemnly, on a Sunday morning, made our decision. How well I recall the scene as we sat at the end of the quaint harbor-pier at Mentone, the blue waves dancing at our feet, everything around scintillating with light and movement in contrast with the dull and dulling squalor of the neighborhood which had been our home for eleven years, and which our new decision would make our home for another indefinite spell of labor and effort. "God help us!" we said to each other; and then we telegraphed home to obtain the refusal of the big Industrial School next to St. Jude's Vicarage, which had recently been vacated, and which we thought to be a good site for the first Settlement, and returned to try to live up to the standard which we had unwittingly set for ourselves in describing in the article the unknown man who was wanted for Warden.

The rest of the story is soon told. The committee did the work, bought

the land, engaged the architect (Mr. Elijah Hoole), raised the money, and interested more and more men, who came for varying periods either to live, to visit, or to see what was being done.

On the 10th of March, 1883, Arnold Toynbee had died. He had been our beloved and faithful friend ever since, as a lad of eighteen, his own mind then being chiefly concerned with military interests and ideals, he had heard, with the close interest of one treading untrodden paths, facts about the toiling ignorant multitude, whose lives were stunted by labor, clouded by poverty and degraded by ignorance. He had frequently been to see us at St. Jude's, staying sometimes a few nights, oftener tempting us to go a day or two with him into the country; and ever wooing us with persistent hospitality to Oxford. Once, in 1879, he had taken rooms over the Charity Organization office in Commercial Road, hoping to spend part of the long vacation, learning of the people; but his health, often weakly, could not stand the noise of the traffic, the sullenness of the aspect, nor the pain which stands waiting at every corner; and at the end of some two or three weeks he gave up the plan and left East London, never to return excepting as our welcome guest. His share of the movement was at Oxford, where with a subtle force of personality he attracted original or earnest minds of all degrees, and turned their thoughts or faces towards the East End and its problems. The personality of Arnold Toynbee was remarkable. To use Lord Milner's words in his recent *Reminiscence*, "No man has ever had for me the same fascination or made me realize the secret of prophetic power—the kind of influence exercised in all ages by the men of religious and moral inspiration." Through him many men came to work with us, while others were stirred by

¹ "The Universities of the Poor" by Samuel A. Barnett.

the meetings held in Oxford or by the pamphlet called the "Bitter Cry," which, in spite of its exaggerations, aroused people to think of the poor; by the stimulating teaching of Professor T. H. Green, and by the constant kindly sympathy of the late Master of Balliol, who once startled some of his hearers, who had not plumbed the depths of his wide wise sympathy, by publicly advising all young men, whatever their career, "to make some of their friends among the poor."

The 10th of March, 1884, was a Sunday, and on the afternoon of that day Balliol chapel was filled with a splendid body of men who had come together from all parts of England in loving memory of Arnold Toynbee, on the anniversary of his death. Professor Jowett had asked my husband to preach to them, and they listened, separating almost silently at the chapel porch, filled, one could almost feel, by the aspiration to copy him in caring much, if not doing much, for those who had fallen by the way or were "ignorant of our glorious gains."

We had often chatted, those of us who were busy planning the new Settlement, as to what to call it. We did not mean the name to be descriptive; it should, we thought, be free from every possible savor of a Mission, and yet it should, in itself, be suggestive of a noble aim. As I sat on that Sunday afternoon in the chapel, one of the few women among the crowd of strong-brained, straight-living men assembled in reverent affection for one man, the thought flashed to me; "Let us call the Settlement Toynbee Hall." To Mr. Bolton King, the honorary secretary of the committee, had come the same idea, and it, finding favor with the committee, was so decided, and our new Settlement received its name before a brick was laid or the plans concluded.

On the 1st of July, 1884, the workmen began to pull down the old Industrial School, and to adapt such of it as was possible for the new uses; and on Christmas Eve, 1884, the first settlers, Mr. H. D. Leigh, of Corpus, and Mr. C. H. Grinling, of Hertford, slept in Toynbee Hall, quickly followed by thirteen residents, most of whom had been living in the neighborhood of Whitechapel, some for a considerable length of time, either singly or in groups, one party inhabiting a small disused public-house, others in model dwellings or in lodgings, habitations unsuitable both for their own welfare as well as the needs of those whom they would serve. Those men had, as our fellow workers, become settlers before the Settlement scheme was conceived, and as such were conversant with the questions in the air. It was an advantage also, that they were of different ages, friends of more than one University generation, and linked together by a common friendship to us.

The present Dean of Ripon had for many years lent his house at No. 3 Ship Street for our use, and so had enabled us to spend some consecutive weeks of each summer at Oxford; and during those years we had learnt to know the flower of the University, counting, as boy friends, some men who have since become world-widely known; some who have done the finest work and "scorned to blot it with a name;" and others who, as civil servants, lawyers, doctors, country gentlemen, business men, have in the more humdrum walks of life carried into practice the same spirit of thoughtful sympathy which first brought them to inquire concerning those less endowed and deprived of life's joys, or those who, handicapped by birth, training, and environment, had fallen by the way.

As to what Toynbee Hall has done and now is doing, it is difficult for anyone, and impossible for me, to speak. Perhaps I cannot be expected to see the wood for the trees. Those who have cared to come and see for themselves what is being done, to stay in the house and join in its work, know that Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, is a place where twenty University men live in order to work for, to teach, and to learn of the poor. And for eighteen years the succession of residents has never failed. Men of varied opinions and many views, both political and religious, have lived harmoniously together, some staying as long as fifteen years, others remaining shorter periods. All have left behind them marks of their residence; sometimes in the policy of the local Boards, of which they have become members; or in relation to the Student Residences, to the Antiquarian, Natural History, or Travelling Clubs which individuals among them have founded; or by busying themselves with Boys' or Men's Clubs, classes, debates, conferences, discussions. Their activities have been unceasing and manifold, but looking over many years and many men, it seems to my inferior womanly mind that the best work has been done by those men who have cared most deeply for individuals among the poor. Out of such deep care has grown intimate knowledge of their lives and industrial position, and from knowledge has come improvement in laws, conditions or administration. It is such care that has awakened in the people the desire to seek what is best. It is the care of those who, loving God, have taught others to know Him. It is the care of those who, pursuing knowledge and rejoicing in learning, have spread it among the ignorant more effectively than books, classes, or lectures could have done. It is the care for the degraded which alone arouses them to

care for themselves. It is the care for the sickly, the weak, the oppressed, the rich, the powerful, the happy, the teacher and taught, the employed and the employer, which enables introduction to be made and interpretation of each other to be offered and accepted. From this seed of deep individual care has grown a large crop of friendship, and many flowers of graceful acts.

It is the duty of Toynbee Hall, situated as it is at the gate of East London, to play the part of a skilful host and introduce the East to the West; but all the guests must be intimate friends, or there will be social blunders. To quote some words out of this year's Report, just written by Canon Barnett, Toynbee Hall is "an association of persons, with different opinions and different tastes; its unity is that of variety; its methods are spiritual rather than material; it aims at permeation rather than at conversion; and its trust is in friends linked to friends rather than in organization."

It was a crowded meeting of the Universities Settlements Association that was held in Balliol Hall in March 1892, it being known that Professor Jowett, who had recently been dangerously ill, would take the chair. He spoke falteringly (for he was still weakly) and once there came an awful pause that paled the hearers who loved him, in fear for his well-being. He told something of his own connection with the movement; of how he had twice stayed with us in Whitechapel, and had seen men's efforts to lift this dead weight of ignorance and pain. He referred to Arnold Toynbee, one of "the purest minded of men," and one who "troubled himself greatly over the unequal positions of mankind." He told of the force of friendship which was to him sacred, and "some of which should be offered to the poor." He dwelt on his own hopes for Toynbee

Hall, of its uses to Oxford, as well as to Whitechapel; and he spoke also of us and our work, which he said was the foundation of it all; but those words were conceived by his friendship for and his faith in us, and hardly represented the facts. They left out of sight what the Master of Balliol could only imperfectly know—the countless acts of kindness, the silent countess of patient service, and the unob-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

trusive lives of many men; their reverence before weakness and poverty, their patience with misunderstanding, their faith in the power of the best, their tenderness to children and their boldness against vice. These are the foundations on which Toynbee Hall has been built, and on which it stands aiming to raise the ideals of human life, and to strengthen faith in God Almighty, whose Christian name is Love.

Henrietta O. Barnett.

A THIRSTY CRUISE.

In these days when the public interest in the men of the Royal Navy is so strong, and any instance of inhumanity or even carelessness on the part of their officers would meet with such general indignation, it is interesting to an old sailor to recall the very different state of affairs which prevailed in his youth; when the comfort of a ship depended only on the character of her captain, untrammelled by a public opinion which virtually had no existence.

The following chapter of personal experience will serve to point the contrast. Such possibilities may seem in closer relation to the days of Queen Anne than to those of the great Queen we have so lately lost, and the figure of Captain Lordling more worthy of the pen of Smollett than of any later writer. But Smollett did not know him, and I did; and hence my excuse for the yarn, culled from my Midshipman's Journal. It is sixty years since I was serving as a midshipman on board H.M.S. "Xenophon" in the South Seas. She was one of the finest frigates then afloat, but equipped and disciplined no better than the ships which fought with Jervis, and which Nelson led to victory. Indeed in one respect

there had been a retrogression from the olden days of the Navy, for whilst we read that in the year 1593 Elizabeth's great Admiral, Sir Richard Hawkins (known as "the complete seaman,") had a distilling apparatus on board his ship, and found the water so distilled to be "wholesome and nourishing," we in the middle of the nineteenth century had no such stand-by, and paid dearly for our ignorance. In the same seas, and dependent as Sir Richard himself on the winds for our motive power, our sole supply of water, once the anchor was weighed, lay in the limited quantity our tanks might carry or a chance squall furnish. Hawkins's distilling apparatus had been forgotten for two hundred years, and who can dispute the misery its disuse had occasioned? The "Xenophon" however wound up the list as far as Her Majesty's ships were concerned, an unenviable position she never could have held had her captain possessed the common instincts of humanity, or had the wholesome dread of the lash of public opinion constrained him to make an appearance of what he was incapable of feeling.

Captain Lordling, commanding H.M.S. "Xenophon," could claim high

birth. He was a strongly built man, about fifty years old, obstinate and narrow-minded, and with a look of quite honestly-felt contempt for all whom he conceived to be beneath him in birth and rank. The possession of influential friends had, in accordance with the custom of the time, made him a post-captain at the age of twenty-five, and thenceforth, for some twenty odd years, he had devoted himself to the more congenial life of a club man in London, and left his profession to take care of itself. This, however, involved expense, and at that time the command of a man-of-war on the Pacific Station meant for the captain the certainty of securing a large sum of money, often amounting to five or six thousand pounds, which was paid for freightage of gold and silver collected on the coast of Mexico and carried to England. There was then no safe transit across the Isthmus of Panama, and it is obvious that specie perhaps representing a million sterling could not be safely carried in the merchant vessels of the period. Here then was the only cause which could induce our highborn captain to forsake the sunny side of Pall Mall, and in mature age to face the discomforts of a sea life once more.

We soon discovered that, as regards seamanship, he was nowhere, that he had no interest in his profession, and was horribly bored by the routine and discipline necessary on board ship. Fortunately the Admiralty, with a remnant of foresight, when entrusting the "*Xenophon*" to such a captain, took care that the other senior officers should be first class men, or our commission might have been as disastrous for the country as it certainly was for ourselves. It is not to be supposed that Captain Lordling could condescend to friendly intercourse with his inferiors in rank. How much they had reason to regret this circumstance a

droll incident which took place whilst we were at anchor in the Bay of Cal-lao will show; and it is besides too strikingly illustrative of the man's character to be omitted.

Wishing to make an excursion to Cordilleras, he fixed upon our dear old surgeon as his companion, and most unwillingly the recipient of the honor consented to accompany him. They started, furnished with guides, and all went well until they reached the Au-perperimac Pass. Here there is an awful chasm, which must be crossed in a wicker basket slung on ropes and travelling from side to side, while a hundred feet below a river roars and rushes through its clouds of spray. The crossing cannot be made at all save in the early morning, for with the day a wind comes up the gorge, which tosses the light bridge hither and thither and renders the chasm impassable. The doctor, seeing that there was some risk, jumped into the basket and crossed first, Captain Lordling following. Immediately the latter was clear of the perilous conveyance, he proceeded to call his companion to account for the gross impertinence of presuming to precede his commanding officer, and requested him to state his reasons for such an unheard of breach of etiquette. No special reason occurring to him, the doctor, equally astonished and indignant, declined the further pleasure of Captain Lordling's company, and made his way back to the ship with all speed, whilst the captain continued his expedition in lonely grandeur. In two days' time, however, he also returned on board, and immediately put the doctor under arrest, to be tried by court-martial for contempt of his commanding officer. It took several weeks of tactful labor on the part of the first lieutenant to convince him that the charge could scarcely be sustained, and not till then was the doctor freed from arrest.

From Callao in 12° South Latitude we were ordered to proceed to San Blas, a port on the coast of Mexico in 23½° North Latitude. The distance being about two thousand four hundred miles, the passage through both Trade Winds as a rule occupied three weeks, and for this the "Xenophon" carried more than a full supply of water, so that it occurred to no one to suppose that we should run short of the first necessary of life. We left Callao on February 16th, and on the eleventh day out the Galapagos group was sighted, and we came to an anchor in Post Office Bay, Charles Island. Here we hoped to replenish our water tanks, and even the enjoyment of the strange flora and fauna of this most distinctive group of islands sank into insignificance beside the (literally) burning question of how they were to be filled. But no water could be obtained, and we sailed without any further supply. It was from this time that our ill-luck began.

For sixteen days we remained becalmed within sight of land, drifting to and fro, crossing and re-crossing the Equator with wearying iteration. On the seventeenth day we got a slant of wind, and losing sight of the islands, hoped we were fairly off at last. But it was not to be; in two days the wind dropped again, and we lay once more at rest on the motionless calm. Thirty-six days out, and barely one third of the distance done!

On March 20th the order was given to stop all water for washing purposes. It was a necessity, and as such it was accepted, but when it was seen that Captain Lordling had no intention of setting an example, and that his own ablutions continued daily, it is not surprising that his unpopularity increased. Another week passed, and still we lay at the mercy of the wearisome calm, its monotony only broken by an occasional turtle hunt. It was now the

seventh week out from Callao, but still our aching eyes looked in vain for signs of a coming breeze. The sails were furled, for they were only beating themselves threadbare with the heave of the ship in the oily sea, as they flapped against the masts and rigging. Coming on deck and glancing at the sail-less yards made it seem a mockery of being at anchor in a safe port. The sun stared vertically at us from a steel-blue sky, and under the double awnings the pitch ran liquid from the seams, clogging our feet as we walked the deck.

And in the midst of these surroundings the order was given to reduce the allowance of drinking water to one pint per day for each officer and man. This allowance was served out in one issue at noon during the men's dinner hour. The meal consisted of salt junk so long in brine and so hard that it could take a handsome polish in skilful hands, or of pork that shrivelled in the boiling to little more than hard rind. It was this delectable fare which inspired the ditty well known to all naval men.

Salt horse, salt horse,
What brought you here,
All the way from Portsmouth pier
After many a kick and hard abuse
You are salted down for sailors' use.

The result of such a diet of course was that when their dinners were over, not a drop of water remained to the poor fellows for the next twenty-four hours of burning heat. The few who tried to save some found it impossible, for they had no place in which to secure it from their improvident ship-mates. In this strait the men fell back on vinegar, of which each mess had a liberal allowance, but in their raging thirst they were not satisfied merely to moisten their mouths with the strong acid; they mixed it with salt water and drank it in large quantities, and the

terrible effect may be imagined, as knocked over by this horrible mixture they rolled in agonies in the fore-castle.

With the officers of course it was different though the allowance of water was the same. Their food was not so thirst-provoking; they could save the precious pint, and even eke it out with a little wine or beer. Mine I locked in my sea-chest, and had it been the Koh-i-noor I could scarcely have valued it more highly.

But what about Captain Lordling? Had he any sympathy for the gallant fellows he commanded? I know not, but this is what he did. For himself he reserved not only an unlimited supply of drinking water, but also an ample sufficiency for washing purposes. Every morning the steward used to carry the dirty soapy water down the ladder on the way to his sanctum, and every day from the marines' berth at the foot of the ladder half a dozen or more stalwart Joeys were on the lookout for his appearance. The instant he descended, the vessel was dragged from him, and its contents eagerly divided among the thirsty crowd. The steward complained to the captain, but nothing came of it; it seemed to him quite natural that some should suffer and others enjoy, and there was no more to be said.

It was now decided to make for Yestapa, on the coast off Central America, an anchorage some two hundred miles distant, and we arrived there when sixty days out from Callao. Who can describe our relief when we reached that marvellous tropical coast, with its coral beach and stately palms, backed by volcanic mountains, and saw between their deep ravines the downward plunge of stream and torrent to the sea? We thought our privations were ended, for although we could see no break in the thundering roll of surf which the mighty Pacific sent combing on the beach, we learned from an Eng-

lish brig which lay there, shipping a cargo of indigo, that the Indians had filled their water-casks and doubtless would do the same by ours. The boats were sent to seek a watering-place, but after a careful survey the officer reported that landing was absolutely impracticable except for the light Indian canoes and catamarans. The Indians were appealed to and immediately offered to raft off a full supply of water for the sum of twelve hundred dollars.

When this news spread (and spread it did like wildfire), never a doubt had we but that our good time was come, and that our thirsty souls would drink and live. But well as we knew our captain, there was a little yet to be learned about him. "Why," he said at once, "the Admiralty might make me pay the money. It's too much! I won't give it!"

Still we did not entirely relinquish hope; a smaller offer was made to the natives, and this they absolutely declined. Things having reached this point, the senior officers, with the doctor, took the extreme course of urging the captain to reconsider his decision, pointing out how much the men had suffered, and the gravity of the responsibility which he incurred. But all was of no avail; our chief was obdurate, and the sole result of their intervention was an order to get under way. The men, therefore, who would gladly have risked their lives to obtain water from the beach, had now, without an extra drop to moisten their parched throats, to heave up the anchor and turn their backs on the land of promise as we made for the open ocean. Sore and sullen were all our hearts, and serious consequences might have ensued among the men, had it not been that a breeze sprang up and their hopes with it. The great mountains faded in the blue distance, and night fell on the sails sweetly asleep as the stately frigate swept through the sea. Alas, next

day the sun rose on a breathless calm! We had not out-sailed our ill-luck, and it was with us again.

One day the clouds began to gather, until a huge dark mass hung pendant in the heavens. Under this, the sea began to boil and foam, then a long, black arm descended; a rapidly moving spiral column of smoking water leaped to meet it, and thus a water-spout was formed; soon that cloud was full to bursting. Oh! what a joy as it climbed over our mast heads! We knew it must burst on us! Then out of the gloom and darkness came the blessed rain, as if the water-spout itself had fallen. Awnings were spread and looped up. Hoses were led from them to the tanks. The scupper holes were plugged, every receptacle was filled. The decks became a surging lake in which all hands rolled and drank. Past privations were forgotten, and although the allowance of water was still kept at a pint per day, yet every bucket and mess can was full, and Jack once more cut a shuffle on the forecastle, and sang of the Lass that loves a Sailor.

The seventy-seventh day from Callao found us still some six hundred miles from our destination, with only a few tons of water left. The sun, which had a declination south of Callao when we left, had overtaken us and was sending slanting rays from the north, but still the heat was intense, baking our black hull as if it were an oven.

The allowance of water was reduced to half a pint per day, and our sufferings were greater than ever. Not Captain Lordling's though! He strode up and down the quarter-deck, healthfully perspiring at every pore, whilst on the forecastle grim Death claimed its victims from the poor creatures who had sought relief from their thirst in salt water and vinegar.

Every precaution had been adopted to prevent the men drinking this ap-

palling mixture, but it could not be entirely stopped. Case after case was brought into the sick bay and treated by the doctors with every care. The first to succumb was a fine old seaman, the captain of the mast. A funeral at sea is always impressive, and under present circumstances it was more so than ever. The lower disc of the sun, in all the magnificence of the tropics, had touched the horizon. The ship's bell tolled solemnly as we gathered at the open gangway round the shapeless form lying on the grating, weighted with heavy shot. Our worthy chaplain stood, book in hand, and when all was ready Captain Lordling came and took up his position apart. It was a pathetic scene, and our hearts were filled with sorrow and bitterness, which did not pass away when the sound of the sullen plunge had left our ears, and the white hammock, quivering as it shot down, had vanished in the depths.

All through this trying time the captain's live-stock, sheep and poultry, were supplied with no inconsiderable amount of water, while British seamen were thus dying for want of it. The discontent among the men rose high. We little midshipmen, who had friends among them, heard many an ominous growl which never reached the senior officers' ears. They, fortunately, were all popular, and while their private stock of beer and wine lasted, they had freely distributed it among their shipmates. This saved the situation. Even Captain Lordling did not discontinue the custom, then universal in the service, in accordance with which the captain would every day send from his own table a plate of fresh meat and pudding to be distributed by the doctor among the sick, and this was put to his credit. It was not much but it was something, for sailors are a forgiving race, and with them a little consideration goes a long way.

Tormented as the men were by thirst

it is not surprising that many attempts were made to steal water from the deck water-tank. One man would decoy the sentry away, while another rushed in and turned the tap. The sentries were doubled, and some of the men, caught in the attempt, were flogged, receiving after the cruel custom of the time three dozen lashes of the cat. The strictest measures were also taken to ensure the emptying of the tanks, the officer in charge having to examine each one after pumping. Still a few drops would elude every effort, and the captain of the hold (a first class petty officer) used to get into the tanks after the report was made, and gathering up with a sponge the small quantity of water which remained, he would fairly divide it between his messmates. No doubt he acted improperly, but so it was, and having been discovered he was brought before the captain.

On the quarter deck stood Captain Lordling supported by the first lieutenant; before him in charge of the master-at-arms was the prisoner, straw hat in hand, every line of his face speaking of honesty and pluck. His fault having been detailed, the captain asked him what he meant by stealing water, and thus robbing his shipmates.

"Please your Honor," replied the man, "I only sponged up that 'ere drop to save it wasting. It weren't no good to anyone else."

"No good!" repeated the Captain; "why did you not take it to your officer?" This staggered the poor fellow. He had not thought of that, so he said nothing. Then came the sentence. "I meant to flog you, but the First Lieutenant has spoken in your favor so you will only be disgraced to an A.B."

I think, while the hard-earned crown and anchor were being stripped from the man's sleeve, we all felt that if the objects removed had been Captain Lordling's epaulettes, justice would

have been more impartially served. But there was no help for it, and we stood by, and saw it done.

About this time we were but seventy miles from the port of Acapulco, where water could be easily obtained and again the senior officers represented the urgent necessity of putting in there, and again their representations were of no avail. The cause of refusal was pretty well understood. The sooner we reached San Blas the sooner would the specie come on board, to Captain Lordling's very material benefit. So Acapulco was left behind, unvisited. We now kept in with the land, and under the influence of the land and sea-breezes made fair progress. At last on May 20th we sighted the anchorage of San Blas, and the order was immediately given to serve out a gallon of water to each man. Discipline was forgotten in the wildest, most joyful confusion as it was issued. And so, ninety-three days after leaving Callao, our privations came to an end. For the last seventy-seven days of our voyage we had averaged a speed of just one mile per hour, a record for slowness which I scarcely think the annals of sea life could beat.

Doubtless many of the ship's company were injured for the rest of their lives by the salt water and vinegar, but it may be a satisfaction to reflect that Captain Lordling was never one penny the worse. His peculiarities did not end with our thirsty cruise, and much might be written of them. Suffice it to say that they exceeded the licence which even aristocratic birth could command in those days, and before the "Xenophon's" pennant came down he was called before a court-martial to answer for them. He then returned to club life and Pall Mall, and there happily for himself and others remained for the rest of his days. He has long since passed to the Beyond, whither also all his old shipmates have

gone, except the writer of this tale and two others, who have lived to see the old order of uncontrolled power and

Macmillan's Magazine.

severity in the Navy drift into the limbo of things that have been, but never can be again.

J. Moresby.

ON AN ALPINE FRONTIER.

High above the giant mountains of Dauphiné, where range on range of unfrequented Alps rise athwart the eastern frontier of France, lies a lonely mountain tarn. The snows of summer scarcely seem to lighten its black waters. The sad winter shadows watch the snowdrifts softly deepening over its frozen surface. For long months at a time its solitude is undisturbed, its desolate shore untrodden. Pallid August moonlight glistens on the hard descending couloirs where no foot of man can ever pass. Autumn breezes sigh round the still unmelted icebergs floating sluggishly on its gloomy waters. Even in the height of summer long icicles hang from the frozen rocks. White mists are ever gathering in the névé-filled hollow above the great ice wall of the Pic Glacier and whirling fantastically upwards at the bidding of the cold mountain wind. Gaunt black splinters on the arête of the Pic du Minuit stand out against the leaden sky beyond. The sullen silence of the spot is seldom broken save by the dull boom of a distant avalanche or the sharper crack of a boulder rolling to destruction down a neighboring stone-shoof. Not even the boldest native cragsman, the most reckless chamois hunter of the district, but dreads to find himself in its grim vicinity as the twilight steals up the mountain side. A tragic memory lingers yet round its lonely side.

The story runs on both sides of the frontier. In the tiny French villages

the last desperate stand, in the days that are past, of the small detachment of imperial troops against the invader is still spoken of with eager pride. Across the mountains among the Italian hamlets the old peasants will relate to a sympathetic listener the tale of their fathers' time. More than eighty summers have come and gone since the fierce struggle on the wind-swept summit of the frozen Alpine pass. But in the local patois the tarn is known as "The Lake of the Dead" to this day.

And this is the reason.

Years ago when the Great Napoleon escaped from Elba for the last wild campaign that was to end in his utter ruin he marched across the mountains of Dauphiné to Grenoble. Thence his call to the soldiers of his armies of the past radiated in all directions and penetrated to the remotest valleys. The little French garrison on the Italian frontier tore off their white Bourbon cockades and vowed enthusiastically to die for their old Emperor. As the armies of Europe mustered for the fray instructions were sent to the detachment guarding the pass under the Pic du Minuit to defend it at all costs against invaders from the east. The young officer in command was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl who was living in a frontier village on the Italian side. A gathering thunderstorm was muttering restlessly among the mountains when Marie Davigno heard from the villagers that a surprise at-

tack on the French post was impending. The girl never hesitated a minute. Alone and unaided she stole away up the steep hillside and breasted the slippery rocks on to the Pic Glacier. Already the foe was *en route*, for the pass and the longer easier way was impossible. Skirting treacherous crevasses and wading through deep snow plateaus she struggled bravely upwards to warn her loved one of the coming danger. The fact that her name has lived to this day is a proof of the wonder her daring evoked even among a mountain race. And she was just in time to warn—no more.

The French troops—barely two dozen in all—veterans who had soldiered under the imperial eagles from Austerlitz to Leipzig—crowded round the girl with rough devotion. Then, her story told, they took up their position with grim set faces that augured ill for the foe. The young lieutenant had barely time to kiss his betrothed and whisper a few words of love ere the first shots rang out on the lonely mountain side. In vain he begged her to leave them now her task was accomplished and while it was still possible. "*Jusqu'à la mort, et après*"—till death, and after—said the girl in quiet refusal. And the thunder rumbled stern approval from afar.

It is a sad little episode, the record of which has been forgotten amid the turmoil of the great war. Marie Davigno fell dead at the second volley, and then the Frenchmen, outflanked and outnumbered, fought it out fiercely to the last man. After all was over such as were left of the victors flung the dead to rest for ever beneath the icy waters of the mountain tarn. The storm which levelled stately pine trees in the valleys, swept men and cattle from the pastures and flooded with furious torrents each neighboring dale and plain seemed a fitting conclusion to the deed of blood. The evening of

June 18 was long remembered in the Dauphiné valleys. And not in the district alone. For it was at the very moment that the storm burst—or so tradition says—that far away in another land the Imperial Guard had charged for the last time up the slope of Hougoumont, and the great Emperor was swept away amid the débris of his army from the field of Waterloo.

All this happened more than three-quarters of a century ago. Young children of the villagers who had sheltered survivors from the raging of the elements are now old men and very feeble. Children's children tell the tale first learned by pitying grandparents from wounded lips. Sometimes a bent grizzled old native harps back on his memory's store. If so, he is sure to finish with a solemn injunction to his listener to avoid the locality during certain days in June. "*Jusqu'à la mort, et après*" he will whisper significantly. "And, Monsieur, it is not good to meet again with those who should be sleeping together beneath the waters of the lake. For it is even said by some—"

But here the legend generally ends with a significant shake of the head, for the peasant of the mountains, superstitious though he be, is apt to keep his real fears for his own people only. Above all does he conceal them from wandering English or German mountaineers. The former laughs at, the latter seriously investigates, all folklore, and both processes are repugnant to the true child-like faith of the hills. Consequently the travellers' knowledge of the reason why the Lake of the Dead bears so ill-omened a name is as a rule derived from the three-lined paragraph in the pocket guide-book. This simply states that "the tarn is reported to have been used as a burial place for the French soldiers slain in a skirmish on the pass during the invasion of France in the wars of the Great Napoleon."

Such is the story—nothing more. Monsieur Jean Maitre, of the Hôtel du Pic du Minuit, perhaps will tell it you if he likes you, and if he is not too busy.

For in these days there is no nicer spot in fine weather in the whole South-western Alps than the Val du Minuit. Far from the crowded tourist centres, it is known to but few Englishmen. These are mostly climbing men who visit it to tackle the difficult rock arête of the Pic du Minuit which gives the valley its name, or else who use the glacier pass under the mountain leading from Italy to France. But to the military guardians of the frontier it is very well known indeed. Picked soldiers from the Alpine battalions of Chasseurs-à-pied haunt the mountain paths in spring and manœuvre unostentatiously along the border line as the summer advances. White-moustached generals—perchance a real divisional commander—may be encountered on tours of inspection. Workmanlike staff officers map the mountain positions and keen-eyed patrols wander over the glaciers. And if things happen as they sometimes do on a European frontier—for who can be certain where a purely imaginary boundary line lies in a fog, for instance?—why then the news has to filter far ere it reaches the pestilent newspapers, and methods exist for closing sources of information to the outside world where necessity compels. For European complications are to be avoided unless diplomacy desires them. And if Governments cannot always control their agents, they can generally suppress the details of their deeds.

One afternoon in early summer darkness was rapidly approaching and thick mists were rolling downwards in great white waves from the cold mountains overhead. The interminable séracs of the Minuit Glacier seemed to a certain English mountaineer and his two

guides, who were cautiously picking their way through them, to loom a ghostly grey in the gathering twilight. The mighty shape of the Pic du Minuit was almost hidden from view, and the gaunt crags on its broken arête were fast disappearing in a veil of cloud. In fact the weather was atrocious and had completely spoilt John Forrester's attack on the Pic. This was the more annoying inasmuch as it was probably the result of attempting to mountaineer so early in the season. He had been assured by a man at home, who ought to have known better, that the Dauphiné peaks were easiest before the suns of the later summer had melted the snows that clung to the gullies. And he had been fool enough to believe it.

The three men were all rather weary. The snow was in bad condition and the wind was bitterly cold. There was not much sensation in the Englishman's feet or fingers by the time they had scrambled off the glacier on to the rocks of the moraine. These at first proved wet and slippery with a thin glazing of ice, and all the energies of the party were needed to avoid the surrounding pitfalls in the shape of unexpected holes and insecurely perched boulders. But at last they were fairly on the grass-grown slopes of hillside descending rapidly towards the little mountain inn where dinner and dry clothes awaited them.

Here in the doorway a girl was watching impatiently for their return. Her slight active figure was dressed in a serviceable costume of some grey material. Without being exactly beautiful her regular features and large black eyes would anywhere have attracted attention. Her rather pale face was surmounted by a wondrous mass of dark wavy hair, and her every movement displayed that quick gracefulness sometimes inherited but rarely acquired. She came forward impulsively

to meet the returning mountaineers with frank unceremony.

"Have you been on the Pass?" she asked Forrester, eagerly speaking his language with a quaint foreign accent.

"No," answered the Englishman, raising his rather ragged shooting cap. "We have been on the Pic Arête."

"On the Pic," she repeated quickly, "and you have seen no one on the way?"

"Not a soul," said Forrester promptly. "And from the state of the weather up there I don't wonder at it."

A disappointed look crept into the girl's dark eyes, and she half opened her lips to speak. But she checked herself abruptly, muttered some words of thanks, and turned away. Not until the rough mountain dinner had begun did Forrester learn the reason of her questions. Her brother should have long since returned from his day's work in the mountains, and every hour that passed made his absence the more inexplicable.

Forrester's acquaintance with brother and sister extended over a four days' stay in the valley. His knowledge of the Ruvignys was derived from occasional conversation at meal times. By this means he had learnt that the father had been connected with the French Embassy at Washington, where he had married an American lady, which accounted for the daughter's independent ways—so foreign to French ideas—and also for the English speech. The son was a captain in the 11th Alpine Battalion of Chasseurs-à-pied, and was now engaged in important secret survey work on the frontier. During the summer Denise Ruvigny had come to live with her brother, enjoying the free open-air life immensely and acquiring a considerable knowledge of climbing. This particular day, however, the weather had been so bad that she had not accompanied him as usual among the mountains.

All that dismal dinner time the wind moaned restlessly outside and the hail drops splashed fitfully against the window panes. The girl was growing visibly more and more restless and anxious. As soon as the meal had ended she left the room. Forrester was smoking a cigarette and idly turning over the leaves of the visitors' book when the landlord of the inn came up to him with a perplexed look on his round red face.

The Mademoiselle was much concerned as to the absence of Monsieur le Capitaine her brother. For his part—though of a truth it was evil weather in which to be benighted on the mountains—mine host intimated he had but little fear as to the safety of that brave officer. Doubtless he had been forced to seek shelter in one of the neighboring climbing huts—at the worst an experienced soldier such as he was would be sure to find some nook in the rocks in which to shelter till daylight dawned. But the Mademoiselle insisted on setting out as soon as morning broke to search for him, if he had not in the meantime arrived. And herein lay the difficulty. She could not go alone, and there were no guides in the place except those with Monsieur the Englishman. Did he intend to avail himself of them both on the morrow?

Forrester pondered a moment. He should have no objection at all to guiding her himself if necessary. The more he considered it the more he decided he should rather like the task. In fact it became quite clear it was a good idea. But would the girl accept his assistance?

On this point the landlord soon reassured him. The stout Frenchman was only too pleased, and waddled away in search of his lady visitor. In a very short space of time Forrester's offer had been accepted with grateful promptness and he was watching the charming play of expression in the

dark eyes whose owner was trustfully confiding to him all her anxieties. And Denise Ruvigny could have made no better choice of a helper. The young English engineer was a first-rate climber, a man of cool head and infinite resource, and above all a gentleman. Long after she had said good-night and left him he sat smoking thoughtfully by the embers of the dying wood fire. His thoughts turned persistently to the girl who was to be his companion on the morrow. The soft tones of her voice, the smiles that had once or twice hovered round her small mouth, the appeal for assistance, interested him strangely. So he mused in pleasing laziness till a sleepy guide, coming to ask at what time his *Monsieur* intended to start in the morning, broke up his reverie and drove him away to bed.

In the cold and dark of the early morning Forrester was roused with difficulty by an agitated French "boots" and informed there was no news of the missing man. Out of doors the weather showed no signs of improvement. Indeed it was so bad that the two guides protested energetically at leaving the shelter of the valley for the storm and labor of the glacier regions above. But their employer was unreasonably resolute in a manner quite new to those stalwart experts, and they were compelled to start, despite vehement protestation that it was folly or worse to attempt their errand on such a morning. Denise Ruvigny had looked so bitterly disappointed at the idea of giving up the search that Forrester was determined to set forth on it if possible. And since her brother's survey work on the previous day would have taken him in the neighborhood of the *Col du Pic du Minuit*—the pass on whose summit lies the little Lake of the Dead—it was proposed to make for that point first.

The little party as it left *Monsieur*

Maitre's inn was not a very lively one. The girl was full of foreboding at her brother's absence and shyly conscious that she was with strange companions. The guides were openly incredulous as to the possibility of finding anyone or anything in the mists and rain that enveloped the hills. Englishmen are always apt to be taciturn at 6 A.M., and John Forrester was no exception to the rule, though undoubtedly on this occasion he was the most cheerful of the four. There was a spice of adventure in the whole proceeding that charmed him. It is of course the bounden duty of a member of the Alpine Club to help all mountaineers in distress; that he remembered to have vaguely gathered from its publications. On the question whether such a duty extended to French surveying officers he could remember no precedent. But no such incentive was necessary when Denise Ruvigny's dark eyes were looking distressfully into his, and her soft voice was urging him onwards.

"I fear I am indeed a great trouble to you, *Monsieur*," she said once with slightly heightened color as Forrester adjusted the rope round her on reaching the lower *Minuit Glacier*. "But for me you would doubtless be resting yourself below at *Monsieur Maitre's* breakfast table. Is it not so?"

And her small head nodded, half archly, in the direction of that worthy's distant abode in the valley below.

"Much more likely to have been sound asleep in bed," asserted the Englishman with a cheerful laugh, "instead of taking a morning walk in the mountains and enjoying myself. See, the mists show signs of clearing. We may have a fine day yet. But the snow on this glacier is in a rotten bad condition, so we must be careful," he added. And he proceeded to impress on Gaspard, the leading guide, not to go too fast.

As the party tracked cautiously up the glacier it dawned on him that the

girl roped between the guide and himself was no novice at such work. She trod firmly and with confidence in the steps of the leader, and when he stopped to sound for hidden crevasses she watched his doings with the accustomed interest of the mountaineer familiar with such obstacles. Once, however, there was an awkward slip. It proved necessary to cut up a steep little ice slope swept clean of snow. Gaspard was in an ill humor and used his ice-axe carelessly. The steps cut in the ice were bad and the girl suddenly stumbled. In a moment, with a little cry of alarm, she slid downward to the full length of her rope towards a nasty crevasse just below. But the jerk of her light weight found the two men roped on each side of her steady as rocks. Pierre the other guide, the moment that it was seen that they were firm, cut down quickly across the ice to her assistance. In less than three minutes Forrester was brushing the snow off her dress and angrily demanding of Gaspard what on earth he meant by scratching the ice with his axe instead of cutting his steps properly.

Denise, however, took it all much as a matter of course, and strove to soothe the angry Englishman.

"Ah! it was my fault, Monsieur, do not blame the guide," she cried with a little gesture of appeal. "I was careless, for I thought of other things and not of my footsteps. And it was wrong of me truly!"

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" queried Forrester bluntly.

"Quite certain, Monsieur," she replied with eager emphasis. "It was—how say you in English?—a good tumble, nothing more."

And her lips parted in a half-smile, which, however, faded away quickly.

"But oh! let us hasten on," she added impatiently. "We have yet to find my brother. Why do we wait here?"

No more was said. Again the little party got under way with renewed vigor. Gaspard's ice steps for the rest of the morning were exemplary. And an hour later the missing man had been found with unexpected ease, but also under wholly unforeseen circumstances.

The searchers had quitted the glacier for the rocks which on the French side lead to the summit of the Col. These are steep and broken, and need care in climbing. The leader was fully occupied in choosing the easiest route upwards, and all Forrester's thoughts were concentrated on helping the girl in front of him. Suddenly Pierre, in the rear, gave a startled shout. A few yards to their right a white handkerchief caught between two stones fluttered in the breeze.

Pierre's loud exclamation was followed by a faint cry for help from the same direction. A hasty scramble brought the others to the spot in no time. Under a great mass of overhanging rock was a low natural shelf where a man could shelter in bad weather. Here, protected in some degree from the rain and wind, a man was lying wounded and alone.

The girl flung herself down beside her brother with a little piteous cry. Forrester promptly dragged a flask from his pocket, and its contents brought back some color to the pale face and lips. The guides leant helplessly against the rock wall with staring eyes.

A moment later Pierre touched the Englishman's shoulder and pointed awestruck to the ground. Gradually his meaning became clear. All round were the signs of a savage struggle. The drifted snow was trampled down and stained with blood. A broken surveying instrument lay at one end of the ledge of rock, and some spent revolver cartridges were scattered about the other. No ordinary accident had

caused the disaster. What could it all mean?

It was soon to be clear enough, however. Revived by the cordial, the wounded officer dragged himself up into a sitting posture, and poured out a torrent of impetuous French sentences. The girl listened eagerly, and her face whitened at his tale. He pointed to the stalwart Englishman standing beside her, vainly endeavoring to understand the rapid foreign tongue. He was evidently urging on his sister some course of action she was unwilling to take. She expostulated; he implored. She hesitated and he gesticulated strenuously with his unwounded arm—the other hung limp and useless—towards the frontier. At last she turned reluctantly and looked John Forrester full in the face.

"My brother's story is a strange one, Monsieur," she said slowly in English. "He bids me tell it you and ask you to help me yet again for the second time."

The Englishman nodded cheerfully. "All right," he said, smiling a little. "It is all in the day's work. What is to be done next?"

"We must try to catch the thief," was the unexpected answer.

Forrester's stare of astonishment showed the speaker that he was still quite ignorant of the situation. Rapidly she explained it with the same frank trustfulness she had shown the previous night.

Captain Ruvigny's work on the frontier was in connection with secret plans for the mobilization of troops in the event of war. A most important part of his duty was to trace the position of certain fresh fortifications which it was proposed to make. The sketches of these new forts with their positions, ranges, and armaments were in fact on the point of completion. In a few days the general in command of that portion of the eastern frontier

was to reach the Val du Minuit, and to him the plans were to be submitted for transmission to Paris. It was of the utmost importance that no details of their construction should become known across the frontier. In order not to awaken suspicion the designers worked singly and unostentatiously. But now it was clear that part of the secret was known to someone on the other side.

Overtaken by the bad weather on the previous evening—so the girl explained—Louis Ruvigny sought out this shelf of rock which he had used once before on a similar occasion. Here he passed a fairly comfortable night. In the early morning he awoke with a start from an uneasy slumber to find a stranger bending over him in the act of rifling his pockets.

"An Italian spy!" cried the wounded officer in fierce parenthesis.

"In a moment Louis grappled with the newcomer, Monsieur, and there was a great fight," Denise continued, "but the other was strong and eager, and my brother was numbed with the cold. How it all happened is hard to say. The spy crushed Louis back against the rocks, so that his arm is broken, as you see. From the pain he nearly faints. Then the paper is torn from him in triumph. With a mocking shout the thief bounds away up the mountain side to the pass. Louis fires—again and again—with his pistol. But ah! in vain. Now but one course remains. My brother cannot go in pursuit, for he is hurt. We must do so instead."

"It will be impossible to overtake him," muttered Forrester as the narrator stopped breathless with indignation.

"Oh no, Monsieur!" urged the Frenchman eagerly. "He is certain to stop at the Pic Hut on the other side. He too is doubtless much fatigued. But you must depart at once with speed."

"We cannot leave you here," Forrester objected strongly. "It is absurd!"

Denise Ruvigny knitted her small dark eyebrows and spoke with a firm decision almost odd in so young a girl.

"One of the guides must remain with my brother, Monsieur. They will return with slowness to the valley. You must pretend that you cross the pass for the pleasure of the mountaineering—is that not how you say it? Also you must affirm that I am of your party, and I will talk the English, thus, like an English lady. So shall we be able to follow over the frontier without suspicion."

"But how will you know the man when you see him?" demanded Forrester brusquely.

"From my brother's description," said the girl quietly. "It is in my head. I shall make no mistake."

"It is a tremendous grind right over the pass to the Pic Hut," the mountaineer still protested doubtfully. "Can you do it?"

"Yes," replied Denise simply. Then her voice dropped a little as she spoke.

"If you help me, Monsieur."

The Englishman watched her for a moment in growing wonder—wonder that gave place to admiration at her pluck.

"My brother is ruined if the paper is not recovered," she added. "Its loss will never be forgiven in Paris, never! Will you go? I wait your answer, Monsieur."

The other stood silent. It seemed a wild mad idea to the Englishman unaccustomed to the amenities of a land frontier. To abandon a sorely wounded man—to chase an entirely unknown foreigner into his own country—to obtain forcible recovery of a compromising document—such was the task proposed to him. But he could think of no other plan. Moreover Denise Ruvigny

had never looked so charming as when, with her large eyes regarding him gravely, she proposed this ridiculous scheme. And even while outwardly he hesitated, inwardly he knew he should do as she wished.

"I wait your answer, Monsieur," repeated the girl with a slight tinge of surprise in her tone.

John Forrester gathered up the loose coil of Alpine rope.

"I will do my best," he said slowly. "But I do not think we shall succeed all the same."

"And I am sure we shall," cried Denise Ruvigny confidently. "Come, Monsieur, let us go."

And so the first pursuit began.

II.

The route over the Col du Pic du Minuit is none of the easiest even in fine weather. Still though it is rarely traversed now except by mountaineers bound for the Pic itself it presents no insurmountable difficulties on the French side at least. But on the Italian side it is quite different. There is, it is true, a long roundabout way taking many hours, by which the descent is possible and by which it is generally accomplished. The direct route from the summit of the pass into the nearest Italian valley is exceedingly difficult and trying. Owing to one of those strange glacial oscillations which are the puzzle of scientists the ice of the Pic Glacier has so altered in formation since the beginning of the present century that even the wild daring that carried Marie Davignò up its slippery slopes in the old days would probably now fail to accomplish its task—at any rate unaided. Both routes—the long devious one and the short dangerous one—ultimately meet in Italian territory. Here on the rocky floor at the head of a lonely mountain valley the Italian Alpine Club has built a climb-

er's hut. The nearest village is some miles lower down the valley.

It was a gloomy afternoon. The daylight was already waning sullenly by the time that Forrester's party, descending by the usual route, at last struck the rough track which leads from among the moraine heaps of the Pic Glacier to this refuge hut known by the same name. Forrester himself was uncommonly glad when Pierre pointed out to him the insignificant little building in the distance. The mists that had clung so obstinately round them in the higher regions had rendered their progress, even by the easier descent, slow and difficult. And his girl companion, despite her pluck and endurance, was nearly worn out.

Not that Denise would admit it for a moment. But for the last hour or two she had tacitly allowed the leader to help her in places where she would have scorned his assistance earlier in the day. And the steadying grasp of her small white fingers on his arm, the natural way in which she turned to him for necessary directions, the feeling that he was responsible for her safety, brought a new sensation to the stalwart Englishman accustomed only to shift for himself or his guides.

Past fatigues were soon forgotten, however, when the hut came in sight. As they neared it a man became visible outside gazing earnestly in their direction. Soon they were close enough to distinguish his features. He was a tall thin-faced individual with a hooked nose, shifty dark eyes, and stray locks of unkempt black hair escaping from beneath a rough mountaineer's cap. Next moment, as Denise Ruvigny sprang suddenly forwards, the stranger as suddenly retreated into the hut and shut the door in their faces.

"Monsieur, that is the thief!" cried the girl excitedly. And she rushed impetuously past Forrester on the narrow path.

The latter was after her in an instant, and Pierre followed with a bound. The hut door was wrenched open roughly and the eager pursuers burst into the little room, only to recoil in overwhelming consternation.

The hut was full of Italian soldiers. As ill-luck would have it, a frontier patrol was in occupation for the night.

The surprise was complete. Fortunately it was that the Englishman's presence of mind rose at once to meet the unexpected danger. Concealing his chagrin he raised his cap in customary salutation and stolidly set about asserting the mountaineer's right to a share at all times in the refuge huts. He quietly unshipped the rucksack from his shoulders, unconcernedly cleared a place on the nearest bench for Denise, and proceeded to stow away rope and ice-axe in a convenient corner. With sharp admonition in his voice he ordered Pierre to unpack the provisions and boil some water as for the usual evening meal. Then he turned to look about him.

The hut was but dimly lighted, and tobacco smoke hung heavily in the air. The man they had seen outside the hut, and whom Denise had declared she recognized as the thief, sat on the straw sleeping bench staring fixedly at the new comers. Five frontier guards under a sergeant crowded the little interior.

But these "Alpini," as they are called, by no means impressed him unfavorably. They had returned his greeting politely: one of them moved aside to give the girl a more comfortable seat, and another began to help Pierre resuscitate the low fire in the little iron stove. There was no suspicion or unfriendliness in their looks. On their part indeed they recognized at once from Forrester's dress and speech that he was unmistakably English. The curious islanders who loved to scramble about their mountains for pleasure

were mad doubtless, but quite harmless and often amusingly good fellows. They were quite different from the hated French across the frontier. And Denise Ruvigny's drooping form and face pale with weariness and disappointment evidently excited sympathy.

Perhaps it was just as well that conversation proved impossible. The sergeant made several gallant attempts, but Forrester knew no Italian, and the girl stuck to her Anglo-American, nearly upsetting her companion's gravity by some of her naive expressions. The Englishman passed his tobacco pouch round, and its contents met with decided approval. There was much smiling and gesticulation, and also some headshaking, when it became clear, chiefly by signs, that the newcomers were from over the Pass. And as Pierre professed a profound stupidity their intercourse of necessity stopped.

Till suddenly the unexpected happened again. Forrester's movements, as he sorted out the best of their scanty store of provisions for his companion's supper, had carried him beside the hitherto silent stranger. The latter touched him on the shoulder and spoke in a low tone.

"I should like a word with you, Monsieur," he said in excellent English. "And alone if you please."

Forrester was conscious of a distinctly disagreeable shock of surprise. But he strolled casually after the speaker outside the hut amid the wilderness of boulders great and small that surrounded it on all sides. Pierre was preparing food within. The soldiers were lounging lazily on the benches. Darkness was gathering fast. No one was near.

"I scarcely think you crossed the Col du Pic du Minuit for pleasure in this weather," said the stranger sarcastically. "Perhaps there was another motive."

"Indeed!" was the laconic answer.

"What was that?"

"One moment," said the other with a smooth wave of his hand. "But first—Mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

"Or Madame should I say?"

Forrester stared impassively at the blinking eyes peering into his without answering, till their owner seemed to think it wise not to press the point.

"Speaks curious English, it appears."

"Ah!" observed Forrester blandly. "American, you see."

"No, French!" cried the other with a scowl.

"Look here, Monsieur," he continued harshly. "I can guess the errand on which you have come. But the game is in my hands now. Yonder girl has a brother in the army of France. You start—you know it is true. What then shall hinder me from denouncing her to the patrol as a spy?"

Forrester turned on the speaker savagely. But the latter went on unheeding.

"It is no use to threaten me, Monsieur. Here on Italian soil I am safe. It is you and the Mademoiselle—or Madame—to whom the danger comes. Do you follow me?"

"Well?" asked the Englishman with a scornful assurance he scarcely felt. "What do you propose to do?"

"This," said the other promptly. "Let us bargain. It is true—I confess it—that I took from that pig of a Frenchman the paper with the plan of the new forts. To me it is worth much money, for I shall sell it in Rome to the Minister of War. But I do not reveal it to these frontier fools here. If they knew of it they would perhaps take it from me and I should then lose all. Now I have been in England and know the English gentleman—"

"Really!" observed the representative of that class in parenthesis. "You surprise me."

The other scowled fiercely at the interruption, but went on rapidly.

"You must pledge me your word of honor, Englishman, not to attempt to recover from me the paper which I have taken. To-morrow I go down the valley and I take the train to Turin. You will recross the frontier or do whatever you will except deprive me of that which I have won. Are you agreed?"

"And your side of the bargain is——"

"That I keep my silence. Otherwise the girl shall be arrested as a spy this night—*instantly*. And, Monsieur, let me tell you in this country scant consideration is shown to spies, male or female."

"My passport, however," began Forrester thoughtfully.

"Contains no mention of a lady," cried the other with a sneer. "Not even a sister or a wife."

The Englishman's eyes flashed ominously, but the other kept his ground with defiant ease. For a full minute the two men stood looking at each other steadily face to face. The very darkness seemed to deepen round them. A stream murmured dully in the distance. The night wind moaned dismally among the rocks.

But the die was cast. Forrester saw clearly that he had no choice. Denise Ruvigny's safety came first. He spoke at last with grim decision.

"I agree to your proposal. I will make no effort personally to recover possession of the paper from you. You on your part will keep silence before these men about her."

"Monsieur is wise," cried the other triumphantly. "It is, as you say in English, a bargain. You indeed I might have cause to fear; the woman and the guide—*bah!* they are helpless—fools!"

And the speaker turned with a little exulting bow towards the hut.

A sudden impulse moved the Eng-

lishman to call after him. With some curiosity Forrester asked his last question that night.

"So you trust an Englishman's word absolutely then?" he said.

"Between two *gentlemen*," retorted the spy with a lower bow and an evil mocking face "such is quite sufficient. Adieu, Monsieur."

And Forrester's muttered rejoinder was not a blessing.

Indeed he grew quite sulky as he retraced his steps, for when was a fellow ever placed in such an abominable position? On the one hand he had pledged himself to help Denise, on the other he was condemned to absolute inaction. And sulky he remained even after he had helped the girl to roll herself up, fully dressed as she was, in the best blankets the hut provided and settle down to sleep in the cleanest straw with his rucksack as a pillow. He could only ponder over his troubles in silent perplexity and curse the world at large.

Matters seemed worse in the morning. For a time a dense mist enveloped everything, and while it hindered anyone leaving the hut it did not prevent the arrival of another party of a dozen soldiers from the valley who came crowding noisily inside under a stout dirty little lieutenant. Forrester glowered at them darkly. He made no attempt to explain the situation to the girl who on her part watched him with a half-puzzled expression he could not understand. The spy rolled numberless cigarettes, smoked them gracefully the while, and looked amused. The whole affair was simply maddening.

A puff of cold wind from the icefields above rolled the white fog aside as a curtain is drawn back across a window. Peak and pass, valley and glacier, stood revealed in the grey light of a sunless morn. A bustle of preparation promptly pervaded the hut. In an incredibly short time all the troops

with one exception had taken their arms and filed away towards the Col du Pic du Minuit. The man left behind was chopping up firewood outside the hut. The spy was on the point of departure also. But he was two minutes too late.

What followed was the work of a minute. Denise Ruvigny and Pierre the guide did it together without a word. The girl suddenly flung a heavy Alpine blanket over the stranger's face as he stooped to fasten a bootlace. Without a moment's hesitation the young Frenchman brought the heavy iron cooking pot, which he had been making a pretence of cleaning, down on the struggling head muffled under the blanket.

It fell with a mighty crash. The spy was stretched senseless on the ground with a dull thud. Flinging himself down beside him Pierre coolly tore open his coat and handed the contents of the pockets to the girl for examination. Her face was white with excitement, but the small hands never faltered. The paper so eagerly sought was soon found. Pursuit had indeed ended in capture. Escape remained.

Yet the first thought on Forrester's part was not of safety. He had stood inactive at the supreme moment. Painfully he began to explain his enforced inaction.

The girl checked him with a smile.

"Monsieur, last night I did hear all you would tell me now."

"You heard!" cried Forrester in wonder. "How?"

"The big boulder," confessed Denise, half ashamed, "hid me quite easily. You never saw me, but I heard you well. So truly I understand it all. And now, Monsieur, how do we return to France?"

The latter remark opened a serious question. It was indeed no time to talk of anything else. Pierre too deemed this the best moment to volunteer the

cheering information, gathered from the soldiers, that the troops now on the hillside between themselves and the Col were but an advance guard. Others were on the way up from the valley, and were to be expected shortly at the hut. The little party was between two fires. What was to be done?

The hut door was closed, and Pierre leant against it stubbornly. The girl concealed the paper in her dress. Forrester picked up his rucksack and reached down rope and ice-axe.

"Are you sure we cannot return the way we came?" he asked Pierre doubtfully. "Is there no avoiding them somehow on the glacier?"

The guide shook his head decisively.

"None, Monsieur," he said with emphasis.

"And we certainly cannot go down the valley."

"Impossible, Monsieur."

"What then remains?" demanded the English mountaineer abruptly.

"Only the Davigno ice slope," was the grave reply. "There is nothing else."

Forrester whistled softly. "My word! we can never do it," he muttered in surprise. "That slope—with a lady!"

Denise heard him. Confidently she looked up at the two stalwart men before her.

"We must try," said she.

"And if we fail—"

"The good saints will help us," remarked Pierre piously. But he evidently did not regard the prospect with pleasure, all the same.

At this moment the sound of wood-chopping outside suddenly ceased. The soldier had finished his task and fumbled at the hut door. The inmates heard him swear wonderingly at the obstruction. Forrester flushed angrily.

"At least I have made no promise about this fool," he muttered. And flinging open the hut door he hit the unsuspecting Italian a blow that rendered that worthy incapable, even

of profanity, for a short space of time.

After that they tied the indignant Alpino up scientifically with the spare hut rope and put him inside to keep company with the still senseless spy. They closed the wooden shutters leaving the hut in darkness and rolled a large stone against the door. Then they tramped resolutely away towards the Pic Glacier with occasional anxious glances behind them. But for a while all was still.

The route by which they had come was soon left. Two hours' steady grind took them over the moraines and across the easy low-lying glacier. Once only when they stopped to rope was the grim determined silence broken.

"Did you hear everything that was said last night?" Forrester asked, fumbling with a knot without looking at Denise—"When you were behind the boulder, you know?"

"Yes, quite clearly," answered the girl in surprise at the question. "Oh! —" She stopped suddenly in some confusion.

"That scoundrel well deserved what he got," muttered her companion with seeming inconsequence. The tangled knot was really a very awkward one.

Denise's cheeks had flamed suddenly. Her eyes dropped unaccountably at the same time.

"It was all in English too!" remarked the other casually, looking up as the rope straightened itself in wonderful fashion.

"And I have forgotten my English dreadfully," murmured the girl with a little laugh. "But, hark, Monsieur, what is that?"

That was a rifle shot. A moment later a shrill bugle call blared out on the quiet mountain side. Would its echoes *never* die away?

Now began the strangest time in all those two wild eventful days. The hut with its tell-tale captives once discovered, angry avengers drawn from some

of the finest mountain troops in the world would be hot on the track. The pursuers of the first day became themselves the pursued on the second. And the task before them ere safety back again across the frontier could be reached was formidable indeed.

Above the little band of three rose a gigantic ice-slope many feet in height. Inclined at an abnormally steep angle it is one of those comparatively rare examples in the Alps of a large expanse of hard blue ice. Up it every step must be hewn with painful labor and then must be trodden in with careful steadiness. There exists no possibility of turning that slope on either hand. To right and to left the overhanging cliffs are absolutely unclimbable; down them the water drips with dismal persistency from melting snows above. The mists which had cleared from among the lower icefields, over which the keen-eyed Italians were now doubtless in eager chase, still clung heavily over the higher parts of the slope, concealing the exact direction of the Col. But retreat was now out of the question. They could only advance.

Well was it for the little party that the girl had nerves of iron and the men muscles of steel. Perhaps the former's face was rather paler than usual; certainly Forrester's wore a defiant frown as another signal rifle shot rang out in the valley below. But without another word they turned to the ordeal before them.

Upwards, ever upwards, step by step, toiling, persevering, panting, Forrester cut his way onwards with unflinching vigor, and the others followed in their leader's track. Ever above them glimpses of the unending ice-wall in chilling vistas higher still; ever the monotonous chipping of the sharp steel and the hissing slide of the ice fragments dislodged by the axe. Despite the cold surroundings large beads of

perspiration clustered thickly on the tanned face of the Alpine clubman, but the strong arms never ceased their everlasting chop, chop, chop, and behind him the girl moved forward with patient skill. Pierre watched the steady progress with keen admiration, steadied his Mademoiselle when necessary, and kept a watchful look out on the glacier below. Time was passing on. If they could but crawl up into the mists above ere their pursuers had traced them to the ice-wall all might yet be well. But it was not to be.

A line of little black dots crept into sight in the distance, winding their steady way across the lower glacier in the footsteps of their predecessors. Once indeed they stopped, but it was to point upwards to where, just below the bank of writhing mists, Forrester's party was visible to them against the dull white slope of ice. Pierre's warning shout to the Englishman made him cease for a moment from his labor and look downwards. He took in the seriousness of the situation at a glance, and his face hardened stubbornly to meet the danger. With a gruff word of encouragement to his two companions he recommenced his dogged cutting in the terribly steep hard ice.

"Let me go to the front now, Monsieur, to make the steps," cried Pierre anxiously. "Surely you are tired with the toil."

"No time to waste over changing places," said Forrester grimly. "You attend to the Mademoiselle. If either of you slips, I cannot hold you. See to her."

The guide grunted acquiescence. The girl's lips were moving as in prayer. The men on the glacier beneath had stopped and were levelling their rifles. An irregular volley spluttered out on the quiet of the morning.

Now it is an exceedingly difficult thing to fire straight upwards with accuracy when the shooters are unstead-

led by having had to travel over very rough ground in haste. Moreover the distance was still considerable. Consequently where those bullets went to no man ever knew, and before the Italians could empty their rifles again the fugitives were hidden in the mist.

Forrester was furious with rage at the audacity of the foreigners in firing at an Englishman. But the girl's restraining presence—and his own general breathlessness—kept him from uttering his feelings aloud. Besides, the summit of the Col must now be close at hand; once there they would be across the frontier in no time.

Then suddenly came the realization of another peril—the last and the greatest. While the pursuers below had halted in hesitation at the foot of the dreaded ice-slope up which was scored the thin track of Forrester's ice-steps, their comrades who had left the hut earlier in the morning, warned by the firing from below, were hastening at their best pace towards the Col. Up the longer easier route they scrambled fast in order to intercept the fugitives. The mist was blowing about before the cold mountain wind in great wreaths of white. A momentary rent in the opaque mass revealed to the climbers the break in the dark rocky ridge fringing the great ice slope where the pass lay.

Then came fresh cloud again. Next the mists were torn asunder for a further second, and the girl's little cry of alarm was unneeded to direct the attention of the others to this second detachment of their enemies pouring up close at hand on the other route to their left.

The moment for a final effort had come. It was to be a race between the two parties for the frontier line, one moreover in which every advantage lay on the side of the soldiers.

Forrester set his teeth hard. A few more hastily cut steps and he had

hauled the girl unceremoniously over the edge of the ice on to the welcome rocks above. There the ground at least was level—thank Heaven for that! Their lives were no longer staked on every single step taken by each member of the little party. The relief in that one fact alone was indescribable. He seized the girl's hand and tore across the débris with which the top of the pass is strewn. Pierre followed with a run.

Grim figures with levelled rifles came bursting through the mists in chase. Angry voices called on them to stop. Threats, imprecations, pistol shots, came hurling, as it seemed, on every side. Through the chilling death-white vapors it appeared to Forrester's overwrought senses as if a conflict had broken out all round them. With grasp tightened on the small hand that lay in his, he sped on dazed and doubting. Already through the driving dampness the watery gleam of the Lake of the Dead shimmered dully before his straining eyes. Yonder lay the frontier, its line marked by the battered old wooden cross, weathered by countless storms. There was refuge, there safety, from the rushing foe behind. Something—was it a bullet?—spattered on the ground at his feet. Something else whistled keenly past his cheek. But surely the direction was reverse. Were there enemies, then, in front as well as behind?

Onwards still—onwards ever!

Shadowy men seemed to rise on either hand as in a dream queer shapes of a bygone age loomed for a moment and were gone. What was that vision—it could have been nothing more—of tall square caps, old-fashioned imperial uniforms, muskets such as no army uses now gripped by weird soldier forms of a forgotten generation? What was the curious echo ringing in his ears, "Vive l'Empereur!"? That was impossible and yet—

A quick biting puff of cold mountain wind rolled, as by a magic-dispelling power, the mists from before his path. The lake lay on his right hand sombre and silent. The old cross rose gauntly on his left. A dead hush seemed to fall of a sudden on the desolate scene. In the distance the French mountains stood outspread before him; the frontier line was passed. The vision, if such it was, had vanished. The noise of shouting and of shots had died away. A wondrous quiet had come. They three were alone.

Denise Ruvigny's face was white as the snow around her. Pierre the guide staggered forwards into safety like a drunken man. An unaccountable feeling of fear had seized on Forrester—he knew not why. He stared back fixedly across the now deserted pass, to where its crest cuts the sky line beyond the tarn, till his eyes ached. No living thing was visible anywhere.

"Did you see them too?" whispered Denise in awestruck tones, creeping closer as if for protection to her companion.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Forrester uneasily. He shivered slightly as he spoke. The afternoon had fallen; it was cold and sunless.

"Surely, Monsieur has not forgotten," said the girl solemnly. "It is the eighteenth of June—the day of Waterloo—the hour of the coming of Marie Davigno."

Then she added softly the words of the tale of old.

"Jusqu'à la mort, et après."

"Come, Monsieur, let us go."

The story may be doubted. Another explanation of the sudden panic flight of the Italian soldiery at the moment of successful capture may be found. Whatever John Forrester saw in the whirling mists on the lonely mountain pass he keeps to himself. And you must know that charming little French

lady who is now his wife very well indeed before you mention the matter in her presence. If you are wise you

The Cornhill Magazine.

will understand that silence is indeed a golden garland to be preserved on some occasions with a wondrous care.

Arthur H. Henderson.

THE BIBLE.

Last Saturday the British and Foreign Bible Society entered upon the hundredth year of its existence, and at the meeting which was held at the Mansion House in connection with the centenary Mr. Balfour made a most interesting and moving speech in advocacy of the Society's claims. This is, we believe, the first occasion on which a Prime Minister of this country has spoken in public on behalf of the Society since Lord Liverpool in 1815 testified to the progress the Society had made since its institution in 1804; and, as usual, Mr. Balfour's speech was characterized by great depth and liberality of thought. The work which has been done by the Society during the past hundred years is indeed, as he said, a matter for pride, and even something of astonishment. It has circulated as many as one hundred and eighty millions of copies of the Bible or parts of the Bible, and it has had the Bible translated into nearly four hundred languages; yet there still remains work to be done. There are still something like four hundred and fifty millions of people in the world who have never yet had the opportunity of reading the Bible in the only language they can understand, and it is the work of reaching those millions which lies before the Society. But there are more ways than one of looking at the vast problem suggested by those figures, and it was in his consideration of that problem that the Prime Minister's speech was most suggestive and interesting.

A hundred years ago, before the great missionary societies were engaged in anything like so huge a field of operations as occupies them to-day, we had, comparatively speaking, hardly considered the problems of the great literary religions of the East. For the majority of Englishmen, we dare say, the world was divided into two classes: those to whom the Bible was a heritage, who had bowed at the sound of the First Commandment; and the heathen, who worshipped other gods. It was a small conception of the immeasurable design of the Creator, never more rightly assailed than by the fierce reason of Carlyle. "A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual leger-de-main, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that." And again,—*"A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow truly the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in; it is no house he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway."* That was the spirit in which a great mind looked at the question of the propagation of our religion, and in that spirit he was able to see the ultimate meaning of the fact that,

as he wrote, "no Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslems do by theirs—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it."

And that, if you look at it closely, was the spirit in which Paul preached at Lystra. His survey of the mind of the men who brought oxen and garlands, believing that the gods had come down from heaven, led him to the deep belief that those men were not prepared for the reception of the whole of the Gospel. He spoke no word of Christ; he spoke of the God "who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Those words are to-day as great a message, and as wise a counsel, as they were when Paul and Barnabas "scarcely refrained the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them." Confronted with four hundred millions of Chinese steeped in a religion the literature of which reaches further back into time than the Pharaohs; with the millions of India, trampled by the battalions of Empire after Empire, and turning back from almost unnoticed wounds to her eternal dream; how can we doubt that perpetually in the minds of those who believe the Bible to contain the greatest truths revealed by God to man there must always be the realization that "God reveals Himself in many ways"; that, in the Prime Minister's language, "you must have differentiations and a division of labor in these cases as in other departments of activity, and that a different kind of culture and a different kind of training are required for those missionaries who have to deal with these ancient literary and cultivated languages than

amongst the less advanced tribes of Africa or America"?

But if we realize this, and if we feel with Carlyle that it was no "miserable piece of spiritual leger-de-main" which has allowed thousands of millions of men to live and to die in a faith different from our own, what are the grounds which lead us still to believe that the Bible is the supreme revelation of the Creator's mind, greater and clearer than any book embodying the faith of followers of Mahomet or Buddha or Confucius? Those grounds or reasons might be divided into two kinds; one of which, at all events, might be thought considerable by the strictest of Mahomedans. In the first place, many of us believe the Bible to be the greatest Book in the world, and believe that it ought to be brought to the notice of every inhabitant of the world, because it is the Book that has been given to ourselves. It is natural that it should be so; such an argument, indeed, would be the first that would be used by a Mahomedan or a Buddhist reasoning for the dissemination of his own religion; how could it be otherwise? But although that claim—namely, that our Bible should be the world's Bible because it has been given to ourselves—would be dismissed by the Mahomedan or the Buddhist, if we can suppose them arrayed against us in a mere debate, might there not be advanced another claim, against which a logically minded opponent would find it difficult to find a counter-plea? It would be this. If we may imagine a Being—even such a Being as the God whom Mahomedans, Buddhists, and all non-Christian communities worship each according to their creed—contemplating from afar the ordered progress of the great religions of the world, what would he see? Among the hundreds of millions of God's creatures, he would watch

successive millions added to the millions having knowledge of a Book believed by men to have been given to them by God. For the progress of those millions, for the continued acceptance of one Book beyond other books, there must be a reason, if there is reason in anything; must not that reason be the Creator's set purpose that such a Book, and the Gospel of Christ which it contains, should at last be the Book of the world? There the disciple of Mahomet or Buddha would find an answer difficult. The Book of the nations which stand for progress is not the Koran; and granted once that progress of some kind is right and good, that the whole Creation does move towards "one, far-off, Divine event," then the progress of the knowledge of the Bible with the progress of mankind cannot be a mere coincidence. If we believe in anything, we must believe that it has been ordered that the energy of the conquering nations of the world should be directed in the path mankind was meant to tread, and that path the religion of Christ as revealed in the Bible.

Yet it is not victorious nations, nor the eloquence of men, converting others to the beliefs they hold, which has chiefly furthered or controlled that progress. It is the Bible itself which is the great missionary and messenger of Christ. Even as Paul wrote that "if I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," so no man could count on having power, century after century, over the minds of men if the message he preached were false. It is the testimony of the progress of the nations that the message of the Bible, the message of Christ crucified, is true. For the Bible throughout the history of the world has been, and still is—looking at the question from the social and political point of view—the best

foundation of a great polity. The polity of the Athenians, broad-based as it was upon the deep thought of some of the world's greatest philosophers, broke down with the test of a few hundred years. There are few finer lines in Milton than those in which he compares, in the mouth of the Saviour of the World, the power of the thinkers of the dead nations with the power of the Bible. Those thinkers are—

Herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better
teaching

The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and
Rome.

In them is plainest taught, and easiest
learnt,

What makes a nation happy, and
keeps it so,

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities
flat;

These only with our law best form a
king.

But yet, we may imagine perhaps a Mahomedan objector asking, if the Bible is in truth the foundation of all great polities, and if the progress of the knowledge of the Bible is in truth intended by God to coincide with the progress of mankind, how can it happen that two polities, each based on the Bible, may find themselves at war, one eventually bound to crush the other,—as, for instance, in the American Civil War or the War in South Africa? That is, perhaps, best answered in the sublime words of Lincoln:—"Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—

that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes." That, perhaps, best sums up all that can be said on this as on other questions asked by men. We know, at least, that more and more of God's creatures year by year read the Bible and learn the teachings of His Son,

The Spectator.

and we cannot but believe that the increasing knowledge in the world of that Book is part of the great Plan, leading humanity at last, in Bacon's splendid phrase, to "the Sabaoth and port of all men's labors and peregrinations."

THE DAUGHTER IN THE HOUSE.

It is some years now, since we of the older generation, facing the newer for the first time, and so realizing that certain foundations of our round world were by no means secure, raised a rather petty cry against revolting daughters. I say petty because all outcry is a sign of weakness. The situation has calmed down since then; both sides to the quarrel have—to a certain degree—accepted the inevitable and yet, in my opinion, there is more of armed neutrality than of entente cordiale between the whilom belligerents. The position, indeed, of an unmarried daughter of full age in her parents' house, and that of the mother who is, and must be, absolute mistress of that house is as far from a definite settlement as ever. Over and over again one hears that appalling note of martyrdom in the voices of good, kindly women as they speak of their relations towards one another. "Of course it is not the way I should have dreamt of treating my mother; but everything is so different nowadays," says the elder woman plaintively as she gives up something on which she had every right to insist. "Mother doesn't like it—it used not to be done when she was young, you know" says the younger resignedly yielding a point which she ought to have gained.

So, where the women are gentlewomen, peace prevails; and yet neither

party to it is satisfied. And rightly so, since the mental atmosphere such inevitable reservation brings with it is destructive of all that is worth having in daughterhood and motherhood. The whole beauty of the tie—and it can be so beautiful—is lost. Yet it is an extremely difficult matter, as a rule, to clear this mental atmosphere, for the very simple reason that it owes its overcharge of sentiment and sensibility to the affection existing between the two women. I am inclined, indeed, to think that the greater the existing affection the less likelihood there is of remedy. There is more difficulty in admitting free air to blow away the measure of martyrdom because, naturally, the sensitiveness to the cold blasts of commonsense increases with the amount of tepid sentiment in the atmosphere. Briefly in such cases, it is impossible, owing to this underlying tie of affection, for either to go her own way; and so plaintively, resignedly, they act and react on each other until in extreme cases, a desperate doctor called into diagnose an all too common complaint orders one or the other away to a rest cure.

Yet that is a poor palliative. The evil begins afresh when, with a sigh, the mother gives in to her (as she holds) still invalidish daughter playing hockey or doing something which no girl just out of a doctor's hands would

have even asked to do thirty years ago; or when the daughter—for practically the same reason and with practically the same feeling—does the converse and does not play hockey, or do the thing she quite harmlessly wishes to do. Now there is no cure for this exasperating state of affairs save bold brutal commonsense, and what I must be borne with if I call the refreshing commercial aspect of the maternal and filial situation. That this is an aspect to which both sides alike seem ashamed to appeal is true; though wherefore, is a mystery—since we women acquiesce cheerfully in the extremely commercial clauses in the marriage service; and marriage is generally supposed to hold the quintessence both of sentiment and sensibility. Besides, even if this were not so, what possible ignominy can attach to sound fair commerce? I am afraid the indubitable dislike to any appeal to its principles in cases like the one I am discussing points to the fact that even to the man in the street our latter-day commercial system is not altogether above suspicion. Be that as it may, an instant's thought must show us that some appeal to some sort of barter and exchange is inevitable, since there is no more determined haggler over the uttermost farthing than devoted, absorbing and absorbed love. What it gives it takes; it must take—it cannot help taking. Not in kind perhaps—that is a very crude form of payment which humanity generally leaves behind it as it grows more complex—but in some absolutely equivalent token. Without this, indeed, exchange would be impossible. The pathetically yielding mother and the resignedly yielding daughter both,—in reality—get back from their sacrifice its full worth, though they may not admit it. The barter involved cannot, however, be denied, and this being so, it were surely better to make the exchange the best possible one for both parties by start-

ing on the commercial basis a little earlier.

Why, for instance, should not mother and daughter allow the fact in law that a parent can neither claim obedience from a child nor a child claim maintenance from a parent after majority to form—as it can do—an extremely sound basis from which to work out mutual obligations? It is one which clears the atmosphere marvelously, and—what is more—supplies a test to which detailed differences can safely be referred; for once these facts are freely admitted it stands to reason that after majority, any claim for obedience or maintenance must be ready with its *quid pro quo*.

The appraising of this equivalent may be difficult, since it must necessarily vary even with the same parties, according to circumstances; but it should not be overwhelmingly so. There is nevertheless one constant difficulty in this mutual arbitrament between women, which is so constantly ignored that it merits special mention as one to be allowed for and avoided. It is the undoubted antagonism which, owing to similar sex, exists unconsciously between one woman and another, and more especially between mother and daughter. I am quite aware that this opinion will raise indignant denial, but I really do not see how anything else can be expected. Consider the universal cult amongst us women of love, absorbing appropriating love, as a duty; the cult which brought about monogamy. Would it not be almost incredible if generations on generations of the mental and bodily environment due to this cult should have failed to leave its mark on a woman's nature?

To return to our commercial basis of obedience and maintenance; a basis which is not intended to exclude further claims, but to serve as a foundation for them. The equation of these

two clauses contains at the present time certain factors which will, I hope, disappear in the next generation or so. The daughter has to allow for the fact that the deference and obedience claimed from her have in her time been given without demur by the woman who claims them. She has therefore in a way a prescriptive right to them herself. The mother in her turn must, in many cases, recognize that maintenance becomes a duty after majority, if the parent has not educated a daughter with a view to her maintaining herself. To a certain extent this is a weaker claim than the other, since in these days of the domestic dilemma every girl can earn her own living in one way or another, though in my opinion she has a prescriptive right to a continuance, where possible, of the style of life in which she has been brought up.

It is evident, therefore, that until girls are brought up definitely to earn their own living as are boys—a consummation most devoutly to be desired—and until, in decreasing progression, the peculiarly tenacious claim to be given back that which you have given (the claim which made fagging, which still makes half the drudgery of the world, possible) has completely died out, mutual adjustment of rights between mothers and daughters must allow for limitations which are distinctly not altogether the fault of either side. And here comes in the practical utility of the commercial basis for the cheerful commonsensical compromise in which alone martyrdom can be avoided; for it gives us a curiously sane guidance in detail. The daughter's

grievance is limitation of liberty to make her own life. Then let the mother yield her in the fullest possible measure that liberty outside the purely home life which she would doubtless have had, had she been born a generation later. The mother's grievance is a lack of consideration, of deference. Let the daughter therefore yield her the greatest possible equivalent of both in the purely home life in which the mistress of a house has a right to reign supreme. The present system of arbitrary and unreasoning self-assertion on either side does infinite harm in more ways than one, not the least of which may be seen in the growing distaste of young married women for the details of domestic life. Having as girls been accustomed for years to treat home as if it were an hotel, to expect a maximum of comfort and a minimum of responsibility, they resent the necessity for supervision which they only discover, when they become the mistress of a house. Daughters again would greatly help to bring about the desirable consummation of equal education if they deliberately bought liberty by showing that when the mint and cummin of the laws have been duly paid there is often spice left over and to spare for the fuller banquet of life.

If both sides would do this we should not see so often, as we do now, the best women committing suicide by needlessly giving up just personal claims, or the worst ones revelling in homicide—if I may be excused the jest, seeing that nothing is so destructive of home-life as the petty bickerings of silly women.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There was sold recently by auction at London the finest collection of early editions of Bunyan's works which has been offered for many years. A single lot consisted of 277 volumes of his various writings, including many original editions. There was also a genuine copy of the very rare first edition of "The Holy War" 1682, and also one of only two known copies of the third edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" 1690.

Lady Gregory has prepared a volume which under the title of "Poets and Dreamers" presents a group of critical essays on Irish poets and ballad writers, and translations of their work from Jacobite times until the present day. She gives an interesting account gathered from Galway farmers of a wandering poet named Raftery who carried on the tradition of the old bards until about seventy years ago. She has also included in this work translations of some of Dr. Douglass Hyde's "Pleasant Plays" which are being acted as soon as written, in many parts of Ireland, and include a Miracle play and a Nativity play.

Not profitable nor pleasant—"psychological studies" are seldom pleasant—but poignant, penetrating and almost powerful is the simple story which Edwin Pugh names "The Stumbling-Block." A high-strung, capricious girl in whom a forlorn childhood and a lonely youth have developed an intense craving for affection together with a morbid reserve; a sincere, well-meaning and obtuse lover, thoroughly normal in temper and correspondingly out of sympathy with moods; and "the other woman," pretty, false and un-

scrupulous—these three actors come on together for melodrama but the curtain rings down on tragedy. Mr. Pugh's work shows undeniable talent, but of the sort which inevitably suggests the hope that it may not be mis-directed. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Dr. George N. Gould, whose little volume entitled "Biographic Clinics" is published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., has a curious theory which he sustains by a considerable amount of evidence. He presents the fruits of his study of the origin of the ill-health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley and Browning, as gathered from their letters and biographies, and in each case traces their ill-health and in some cases at least incidentally their ill temper to eye-strain and its consequences to the brain and nerves. The subject will interest medical specialists and it will not be surprising if a good many laymen find in it suggestions that certain discomforts and maladies of their own, which they have attributed to various causes, have the same origin.

The Athenæum makes this announcement:

Mr. Dobell will publish next week his "Sidelights on Charles Lamb." In this case he claims to have made some remarkable discoveries. He has found in the *London Magazine* a number of essays which have never before been ascribed to Lamb, but which he now attributes to him on internal evidence. One of these, if it is Lamb's, tells, under the guise of a humorous fiction, the story of a very curious and hitherto unknown incident in his life. Mr. Dobell also gives a good many new details as to the literary life of the notorious Wainwright.

A DAY IN APRIL.

Spring and the spirit of Spring,
 Gay, luxurious, flattering!
 Spring is abroad with expectant eyes,
 Lord of the earth and the spacious
 skies,
 Rake, and lover, and worldly-wise.

Yea? or Nay? For he will not wait—
 Take your chance, it is not too late,
 Be young, and happy, and glad to live—
 The days that follow have naught to
 give,
 Youth and love are things fugitive.

Lilian Street.

HARBOR BAR.

All in the feathered palm-tree tops the
 bright green parrots screech,
 The white line of the running surf
 goes booming down the beach;
 But I shall never see them, though the
 land lies close aboard,
 I've shaped the last long silent tack as
 takes me to the Lord.

Give me the Scripters, Jakey, 'n' the
 pipe atween my lips,
 I'm bound for somewhere south and
 far beyond the track of ships;
 I've run my rags of colors up and
 clinched them to the stay,
 And God the pilot's come aboard to
 take me up the bay.

You'll mainsail-haul my bits o' things
 when Christ has took my soul,
 'N' you'll lay 'me quiet somewhere at
 the landward end the Mole,
 Where I shall hear the steamers' sterns
 a-squatter from the heave,
 And the topsail blocks a-piping when a
 rope-yarn fouls a sheave.

Give me a sup of lime-juice; Lord, I'm
 drifting into port,
 The landfall lies to windward, and the
 wind comes light and short,
 And I'm for signing out, and off to
 take my watch below,
 And—prop a fellow, Jakey—Lord, it's
 time for me to go.

John Masfield.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the black man's burden! child
 of an alien blood,
 Drawer of Albu's water and hewer of
 Albu's wood,
 From the shores of the blue Zambesi
 to the foam of the further end
 They need the sweat of the black man's
 brow for the white man's divi-
 dend.

By the dread of the Yellow Peril, by
 the slang of the Seventh Sea,
 By the godly cant and the royal rant
 of the race that set you free,
 Wherever the red gold glitters, wher-
 ever the diamond shines,
 Go forth, upon compulsion, and labor
 in the mines.

The winds of the West have heard it,
 the stars of the South replied,
 When the Lords of the Outer Marches
 went forth on a fruitless ride,
 That the son of the swarthy Kaffir
 must wake from an idle sleep
 When the lone grey Mother calls for
 toil, and the Lord has made it
 cheap.

Foster-sons of the Empire, wards of
 the baked Karoo,
 This is the law the Mother makes and
 her sword shall prove it true;
 "Wherever the red gold glitters, wher-
 ever the diamond shines,
 Take up the black man's burden and
 labor in the mines."

G. F. B.

The Speaker.

TRULY FORGIVEN TRULY FOR-
GIVES.

Brother, forgive to-day,
 Lest, having made delay,
 By some white bed thou say:

"What peace can I allow?
 My peace is nothing now:
 God's peace is on his brow."

Frederick Langbridge.